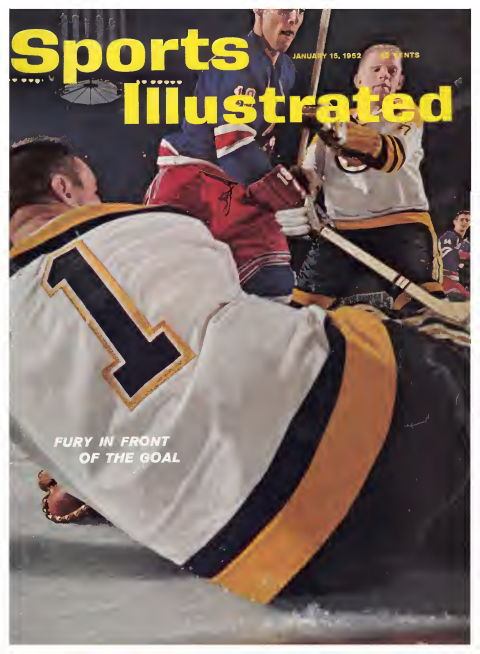




Sports

JANUARY 15, 1952

42 CENTS

Illustrated

**FURY IN FRONT
OF THE GOAL**

CONSUMER
PICKED TRAILER
AWARD FROM
RAMBLER



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Next week

In a day filled with sales calls and crises of one kind or another, Coach Jumbo Elliott talks about his Villanova University track team and tells why it may be one of the best ever.

Beginning a searching series on the freedom of the open road, Kenneth Ruden examines the problems of highway safety, of automobile design and of law enforcement in the 50 states.

A report on Doug Sanders, a refreshing newcomer among golf's top pros. He may swing like a Sunday hacker, but in the last half of 1961 he won more money than any other player.



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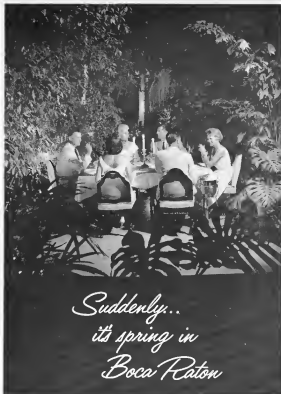
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JANUARY 15

San Fernando Stakes, \$30,000 added, 4-year-olds, 1½ miles, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Broward Handicap, \$15,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1½ miles, Tropical Park, Fla.

JANUARY 16

Tropical Park Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Tropical Park, Fla.

JANUARY 17

Royal Poinciana Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Hialeah Park, Fla.

San Miguel Stakes, \$15,000 added, 3-year-old colts and geldings, 6½ furlongs, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

JANUARY 20

Hibiscus Stakes, \$25,000 added, 3-year-old colts and geldings, 6 furlongs, Hialeah Park, Fla.

San Marcos Handicap, \$25,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, turf, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Santa Maria Handicap, \$25,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1½ miles, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Pelletieri Handicap, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Fair Grounds, La.

JANUARY 23

San Pascual Handicap, \$25,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

JANUARY 24

Jasmine Stakes, \$25,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 7 furlongs, Hialeah Park, Fla.

JANUARY 26

Santa Ynez Stakes, \$15,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 6½ furlongs, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

JANUARY 27

Royal Palm Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Hialeah Park, Fla.

Santa Anita Maturity, \$170,000 estimated, 4-year-olds, 1¼ miles, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

Thelma Stakes, \$10,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 6 furlongs, Fair Grounds, La.

END

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JANUARY 25, 1962

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SCORECARD

A FOX ON TAXES

Like most fighters who have made fortunes in the ring and lost them in Internal Revenue offices, Ingemar Johansson is understandably irritated about it all. "All" is a tax system that makes charges against boxers' rare bonanzas quite as if they were salaried workers whose earnings are spread over 40 years or more. Not that Ingemar is destitute. He is, in fact, wealthy, and was comparatively rich before he ever fought Floyd Patterson or sang with Dinah Shore.

Still, some rather intemperate remarks were attributed to him not too long ago in the Swedish evening newspaper *Expressen*. According to *Expressen*, Ingemar said:

"I don't care two pips about Sweden or America. I have enough money in Switzerland. The dividends are so large that I could not spend them all whatever I did. . . . There are as many gangsters in tax establishments in the U.S. as in professional boxing. . . . The Americans can search with binoculars for my tax money. I haven't the slightest idea of using my money in Switzerland to pay taxes in the U.S. The money I have in the U.S. can go to tax. . . . perhaps 2 million kronor. I have been sentenced to pay 5 million. The 3 million lacking they can consider themselves cheated of."

Ingemar has about \$350,000 in escrow in the U.S., and his tax bill is a bit more than \$1 million. He insisted later that the quotes were "cursed lies" and "gross misunderstanding."

Well, even though his indignation may have been overstated, you can't blame Ingemar for being mad about the tax deal. Fighters are especially handicapped by our tax laws—as, for instance, Joe Louis. They are entitled to rant somewhat. More than a few of us loyal Americans will, on the eve of April 16, do a little snarling, too.

A VOTE FOR NO VOTE

With the firing of Coach Buster Ramsey by the Buffalo Bills last week, it can be said that the American Football League is gaining some of the more dubious

elements of maturity. Ramsey became the fifth AFL coach to be fired within the last four months and, as we all know, when bad teams lose, even good coaches must depart. Ramsey followed Eddie Erdelatz of Oakland, Lou Rymkus of Houston, Lou Saban of Boston, Sammy Baugh of New York and probably precedes Frank Filchock of Denver in the AFL's ever-lengthening list of deposed coaches. One thing to be said for the AFL's owners: not one of them gave his coach a vote of confidence the day before he fired him.

THE LATIN HERO

David Brinkley's Journal, which made its first appearance on television 14 weeks ago, last week examined Antonio Rocca, the most famous wrestler currently performing in America. Brinkley presented Rocca not merely as a pro wrestler but as the idol of hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans living in the continental U.S.

Brinkley described Rocca (who is, incidentally, an Argentine) and the Puerto Rican adulation of him in subjective detail: "The second-raters, the bums and the freaks have been in the ring and warmed up the customers, and now it is time for the Latin Hero. He will appear—all muscle and animal vigor—and the audience will sit there and watch him act out their dreams. He may lose the first fall, but in the end his great strength and noble purpose, like virtue, always wins. They watch this act repeated over and over and never tire of it. If anyone tells them it is planned, they don't care. They like the show and like the way it turns out; and if it takes some planning and arranging to make it turn out right, that's the way it is in everyday life, and nobody cares. And for the Puerto Ricans, Tony Rocca is the man who fights their battles, takes on the Anglo-Saxons, who are always villains, and wins for them. They see him as a strong, simple and honest hero with a strong, simple and honest heart."

As a matter of fact, Rocca *does* have an honest heart, strange as that may

seem in a wrestler. Brinkley took pains to point out that Rocca does not carry Latin-Saxon hostility out of the ring. Instead, he spends a good deal of his free time talking to school assemblies in Spanish Harlem on an old but noble theme: "Respect your teachers, obey your parents and love your country! Viva America!"

Viva Rocca!

NEW BAD GUY

It has been seven seasons now since the National Hockey League first uncaged Lou Fontinato and allowed him to spill blood on assorted rinks from New York to Montreal. In the seven years that Fontinato has been in the NHL, six with the New York Rangers and the current one with the Montreal Canadiens, he has never been much of a scorer and, come to think of it, never much of a defenseman either. Fontinato has been good for something besides drawing blood—drawing fans. This season, however, hockey has a new "bad guy," 24-year-old Howie



Young of the Detroit Red Wings. He is drawing a little blood, and it is expected that fans will shortly follow.

Young came to the Red Wings in the middle of last season, and in just 40 games managed to spend 138 minutes in the penalty box. In fact, counting his minor league play at Hershey and his Red Wing play during 1960-61, Young was penalized five hours of playing time. This season he sits second in NHL penalty minutes, with 73 in 28 games. Fontinato still leads the league with 107 minutes in 33 games.

Recently Sid Abel, the coach of the Red Wings, and Jack Adams, Detroit's general manager, tried to get rid of Young because he was hurting his own team, in addition to other teams. No one would buy Young and no one would trade for

continued

him, so Detroit decided to keep him. Everyone realizes that Young is a terrific skater and stickhandler, but his philosophy runs away with him. His philosophy: "I just like to get my shoulder into somebody."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Leading students at seven of the eight Southwest Conference schools—Texas, Texas A&M, Texas Tech, Rice, Southern Methodist, Texas Christian and Baylor—recently directed a resolution to the presidents of these schools, urging that "capable athletes of all races" be allowed to join in any and all forms of intercollegiate sports.
- CBS-TV, encouraged by the high ratings and excellent critical comment its coverage of the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley received, will telecast four games of the World Amateur Hockey championships at Colorado Springs in March. Viewers will see Russia-Canada, March 10; Czechoslovakia-U.S., March 11; Canada-U.S., March 17; and Russia-U.S., March 18.
- With Missouri and Colorado currently under investigation by the NCAA for questionable recruiting practices, Kansas on probation by the NCAA and Oklahoma only recently taken off it, there is growing sentiment in the Big Eight for athletic de-emphasis. Some faculty representatives are opposed to the renewal of the Orange Bowl football contract, which ends in 1964, and two Big Eight basketball coaches, Dick Harp of Kansas and Tex Winter of Kansas State, would like to abolish the Big Eight's Christmas basketball tournament. Harp and Winter are also in favor of starting the basketball season on December 15 instead of December 1.

MR. SCHINE, MEET MR. MOTO

There seems to be a compulsion these days to do things without actually doing them. In Buffalo, where it does nothing but snow, G. David Schine, who won fame of sorts as an ideological ferret for the McCarthy subcommittee, will soon open the world's first indoor snowless ski resort. That's right, indoors, in Buffalo. That's really all one should have to say about *that* idea. But for the record, as well as the curious, Schine has set up nine Ski-Deks in one of his odd theaters. A Ski-Dek is a wide sort of conveyor belt made of slippery white nylon and pitched at about a 15° angle.

You strap on the skis, G. David starts the motor and you hop aboard to ski endlessly to nowhere—as the nylon slides uphill under your skis—safe from such depressants as fresh air, sunshine and mountain scenery. Oh, yes. To give that feeling of speed and free flight, he has electric fans at the bottom blowing back up at you.

In Japan they are working a slight switch on the Schine gimmick. Twenty-five miles outside Tokyo some Oriental mind has set up the world's first *outdoor* uphill ski resort. The slope itself is a real hillside; but the skiing surface is powdered ice blown onto the slope from two huge ice crushers. Overhead there is an immense corrugated tin roof that shields the slope and the customers from sun, rain or whatever. The only possible hazard seems to be the ice blowers; anyone unlucky enough to ski past when they are turned on may come out looking like a Scotch mist.

A LOT OF BULL

To two generations of American aficionados, Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* has been the holy writ of bullfighting. But Hemingway and his little odd lady are no match for *Los Toros*, a four-volume treatise in Spanish that weighs about 25 pounds and sells in the U.S. (if you can find it) for around \$50. Volume Four, published in 1961, completes a job that was begun in 1943. Author of all four volumes is José María de Cossio, who has long been Spain's foremost bullfight writer. The volumes are handsomely designed, studded with colorplates and bound in what appears to be bull hide. In analysis and historical content they put American sporting encyclopedias to shame. (For example, Volume Four carries 10 pages of biographical sketches on bullfighters named Garcia.)

Señor Cossio devotes ample space and praise to contemporary heroes Antonio Ordóñez and Luis Miguel Domínguez but pays his highest tributes to the somewhat tarnished (by Hemingway) image of Manolete. "By his life and by his death," writes Cossio, Manolete is "a symbol of the greatest virtues of bullfighting and the bullfighter." Papa would not have agreed, but Cossio is the authority.

CHICKEN

When Chicken Little first yelled, "The sky is falling!" there was no time for discussion, and everyone panicked. The chicken world is more mature now. *Game*

Fowl News, dedicated to the fighting cock, says calmly: let there be fallout shelters—but *Game Fowl News* is shrewd as well as scientific. It takes a long view, thinks beyond the immediate problem. If there is no war, it asks, "What then would become of the expensively built shelters?"

Game Fowl News then gives the answer! "We can think of no better purpose than to convert them into underground cockpits. With all their modern conveniences the fallout facilities could be readily converted into pits that would be a boon to cockers all over the nation. So we say, if we are to have fallout shelters, let's have good ones that can be converted into facilities for the pleasure and recreation of a sports loving public."

Some might argue for bowling alleys.

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Price, the owner of Carry Back, on his plans and hopes for the 1961 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner: "From now on we'll be running mostly in handicaps, and in those you can expect to get beat. The romance of the Triple Crown is over. It's like after the honeymoon when you settle down to the routine of married life."
- Sonny Grandelius, the 31-year-old Colorado football coach whose team lost to LSU in the Orange Bowl: "When I lose, I go home and take a long shower. Then I get down on the floor and I play with my kids. It reminds me that football isn't everything to me, that I'm going to quit in 1966 and be all through with it."
- Mrs. Lyndon B. (Lady Bird) Johnson, wife of the Vice-President, on the pageantry of the Cotton Bowl in Dallas: "It's so nice to come here and see all the people. It's lovely to see old friends. I enjoy seeing all the pretty dresses worn today. And you get a little rush of the heart when they make a long run or receive a long pass out there."
- Widely traveled Basketball Referee Charley Eckman, disagreeing with those who say this is a vintage year in basketball: "All over, the teams don't appear to be as strong as they were last season. After Ohio State and Cincinnati, there's not much to choose."
- Paul (Bear) Bryant, Alabama football coach, to Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles after Arkansas' president had paid a flowery tribute to Broyles: "Frank, that business of loving you just as much if you lose, don't you believe a damn word of it."

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124 Prisoner of Love
The End of Time
Tennor singing alone



276 "Sensational" all-
ternative" describes this
album



3, The Inexplicable
Classical L.F. of all
time



1, Also 10 more soothing
and relaxing... While
We're Young, urban



4, Younger Than Spring
time, Some Endless
Tears, 13 more hits



345, 346 Sing Along
Spectacular 33 great
songs, sing-along, too



391, Rich Spanish
Gypsy music from the
sensitive guitarist



314 Also Blue Skies,
Gently Gently, The Lady
Is a Tramp, 6 others



306 Oriental orches-
tra sound, capturing
about A 50's "must"



215 The definite two
times of a
first popular classic



343, Plus other Rom-
antic delights from the
late, great tenor



34, Plus Ten Years
Waiting, Country
Charmers, others



330 Four film score
reunions original
version of the hit disk



220, Best selling mod-
ern jazz album from
the TV series



316 Contrasts stan-
dard songs from
Gentle People, etc



304, Plus 100
of all the
of all the



267 Includes The
March of the
and ten
involving sound



383, Also, Tenor
Singing in the
of (Regular L.F. only)



361 Also Secret
Singles and
by the best of vocalists



246, Nipper's best
ever recorded in
concert



102 10 Dixieland clas-
sics, plus 10
The Dukes, more



336, Concerto, grand
orchestra, sym-
phony, more



356, "A compen-
dium of
all the best of
the repertoire"



306, The perfect
Tchaikovsky at
his best



392, Also End River
Valley, The Last
Round-Up, 18 Western
songs



298, Also Wonderful
by Night, Dearly
Beloved, 18 more
hits



274, And 10 more
by the trumpet star
with swing band



321, Plus Pop Of
My Heart, 12
instrumentals



326, Lovely new
album duo of
country style



319, Chopin's Polonaise
in A-flat Major, etc.
(Regular L.F. only)



213, Delicate
recording of
a superbly
masterful performance



281, And 8 more
hits by the
best of the
best



290, Also I Don't
Want
to Lose You, 18
more hits



551, 951A,
951B

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SOUVENIR
PROGRAM



323, Plus other
hits, including
the
new sound



324, "A new
of gold"
of gold



272, 30 selections
Lady, Date Party, 31
Love Songs, more



14, Love Is a
More
Sensational... 11
more, many more
from the



284, My Friend,
First
of the best, and
instrumentals



347, Delight your
friends with this
modern comedy act



299, One of the
most
brilliant piano
concertos
ever recorded



234, Arnold sings
his
own hits, plus
10 more



293, My Old Home
Town, and other
hits for
country music



2, The original TV
show
hits, plus
more

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342. Piano, full with Over The Rainbow, High-Fidelity, when



343. Mellow rock ballad like score at Moon River, 11 more



341. New, top-of-the-line Belafonte from how would a you for



311. Trending, best of everything rhythms, plenty in the market



340. Fresh to sing! "V.A." - Flowing "V.A." - LEE



324. The divine Schubert in glowing performance



349. All the Things You Are, 11 other our most great



330. Best of Boston after overnight to make a record



327. Lullaby with the Vienna, when



7. Magnificent new score of dramatic TV score by R. Rodgers



32, Also The Man I Love, Chorus, to lady women's related to



191. Dreams, all in a day's work, when



214. The glory of Debussy's "The Sea" inspired in his



329. Archaic, musical, experience by the legend Be ne



273. Also Maurice Ravel's "The Sea" inspired in his



346. Hey, Look Me Over, When You Come Home, when



323. Cultural and is looking at the change of seasons



3. Also God Bless the Child, other blues, when



328. Ma's, new selection, Puccini and Verdi once



952, 957A, 958. Calafate opera with li



952, 957A, 958. Calafate opera with li



952, 957A, 958. Calafate opera with li



952, 957A, 958. Calafate opera with li



ANXIOUS TOUR LEADERS, GARY PLAYER (LEFT) AND ARNOLD PALMER FOLLOW SHAKY SHOTS IN FIRST ROUND OF LOS ANGELES OPEN

TWICE TWO IS FOUR

by ALFRED WRIGHT

As the 1962 pro golf tour begins, Jack Nicklaus and Doug Sanders bid fair to convert the reign of Gary Player and Arnold Palmer into the era of the Big Four



CONFIDENT CHALLENGERS TO PLAYER-PALMER AXIS ARE JACK NICKLAUS, IN FIRST PRO TOURNAMENT, AND DOUG SANDERS (RIGHT)

It was a little like the opening day of school last week in Los Angeles as the professional golfers started out once again on their annual cross-country tour. For the 36th time, the Los Angeles Open was the starting point, and the 80 or so pros who show up fairly regularly from week to week greeted one another on opening day like long-parted siblings. Some of them hadn't laid eyes on each other for at least a month.

The roll call of golf talent was almost as complete in Los Angeles as it will be at the Masters or the Open. Of the big names, only Sam Snead and Ben Hogan were missing. So

were the best amateurs, but the player who has dominated amateur golf for the last three years was very much in evidence. Jack Nicklaus was making his tournament debut as a pro, and all things considered it wasn't a great success. He finished in a tie for 46th with a five-over-par 289.

At the same time, some of the best players on the tour, the men who will in the long run win the most money, played very much as if they hadn't done their homework during the year-end vacation. Gary Player, who had been home in Johannesburg for a family Christmas, finished in a tie for 33rd place.

continued

Arnold Palmer, who had been in the cold and snowy countryside of Latrobe, Pa. for several weeks, tied for 14th with a 283, but Palmer never does seem to get going in Los Angeles. Doug Sanders, who had been soaking up tropical sunshine in Hawaii, started well with an opening-round 67 but finished tied for 16th with a 284. So much for the first three leaders of the 1961 season. For 1962, the record will show that young Phil Rodgers, a rookie from La Jolla, Calif., set a Rancho Municipal Course record with an extraordinary 62 on the final round and won the tournament by a hefty nine strokes with a 268. The course played very long.

At this early point on the calendar, the natural thoughts in the minds of those who follow golf—to say nothing of the golfers themselves—are the probabilities of the past leaders and the prospects of the new stars who might replace them. Last year was, of course, a Player-Palmer year. The two won more money than anyone else, and their combined success recalled the era of Hogan and Snead. However, Sanders made a very strong bid to overtake both and actually won more tournament money in the last eight months of the year than the two of them combined. Now along comes Nicklaus with an amateur record and stature unequaled since the days of Bobby Jones and Lawson Little. The two-man contest that made the tour so exciting during the first half of 1961—and evoked an occasionally caustic crack from some of the older players whose noses were slightly out of joint—promises to develop into a quadruple contest in 1962, at least as far as the interest of spectators is concerned.

There couldn't be a better crucible for testing this quartet than the opening five weeks of the tour in California. In four of the first five tournaments the purse is \$50,000, which helps explain the high quality of the competition. As Dow Finsterwald said in Florida several weeks ago, "Who can afford to pass up that kind of dough?" In addition, the golfers will be playing over the extremely testing courses of Pebble Beach and Cypress Point as well as five of the rather tricky desert courses in Palm Springs. There should also be plenty of foul weather and wind. Under these conditions, no one is

going to overrun the field unless he can use every club in his bag with a lot of authority.

That Arnold Palmer can do so is as well established by now as Mendel's law. Last year he won his first British Open and five of the regular tournaments on the pro circuit including the Western Open. Although he was several thousand dollars short of Player in total winnings, he earned more money out of golf in 1961 than anyone ever has. Although neither Palmer nor his attorney, Mark McCormack, is giving out figures, there have been educated guesses that Palmer's total earnings for 1961 may go well above \$400,000.

It seems hard to believe that with all this money rolling in, Palmer would continue to work as hard at tournament golf as he has these past few years. And yet that's exactly what he intends to do. Last year, for instance, he played in 25 tournaments, an average of about one every two weeks. He took one trip abroad in July to play in the British Open, another in October to play in the Ryder Cup matches and then, with Player, went on a grueling exhibition tour to Australia and the Far East during which they played 17 matches (Player won 10, Palmer six and one was tied). As soon as Palmer returned home in November he joined the tour at Mobile and played on through West Palm Beach and Coral Gables.

Palmer's future

"I'll admit I'm a little tired right now," Palmer conceded last week after finishing his second round at Los Angeles. "I don't think I'll ever travel abroad as much as I did last year, but I'll keep on playing in about the same number of tournaments here. The trouble with me is that I get tired sometimes and have a hard time getting myself up for a tournament, keeping sharp. My concentration lags a little, and I can't hit the short shots and putt the way I ought to." Still, Palmer would like to continue pretty much as he does now for another 10 years. "Maybe not quite so regularly," he says, "but I'm not thinking of taking it easy. I'll certainly play in the four big championships [the U.S. and British opens, the Masters and the PGA] as long as I can."

With such an attitude and with his mind and body as keen as they are right now, the 32-year-old Palmer most likely will again finish the year among

the two or three leading money winners.

So will Gary Player. This intense South African, who has just turned 26, bubbles with self-assurance. "I've been playing very well lately," he said as he was about to start the L.A. Open, "and my putting has improved. I've gone to a blade putter, which seems to give me more confidence, and I follow through more on my putts. I don't tap at it the way I used to."

During the early months of last year's tour, Player was so full of determination and confidence that it seemed a certainty that a golfer of his complete versatility would do exceptionally well. Then came his victory in the Masters and a sudden spurge of demands on his time and energy. He seemed, for the next several months, to be distracted and upset by all the attention. Now he appears able to live with it, if not to enjoy it the way Palmer does. "I'm not going to play nearly as much as I did last year," Player says. "I'll stay with the tour through Palm Springs, and then I'll go back home to be with my family for a while. I'll rejoin the tour a week or two before the Masters and play on through the Open." Player can afford to rest. Last year in by-products he earned anywhere from a half to two-thirds as much money as Palmer did.

Doug Sanders hasn't as yet had to face the distractions that complicate the golfing careers of Palmer and Player. Until his sudden burst of success over the latter half of 1961, he was just one of a half dozen or so capable young pros who were among the top winners on the tour. There were also Bob Goalby and Johnny Pott and Billy Maxwell and Gay Brewer Jr., to name four in about the same category, but all of a sudden Sanders left the others behind.

The amazing consistency of Sanders' golf swing and his marvelously delicate putting touch are the reasons usually given for his quick success. The swing is, to say the least, extraordinary. With a short, short backswing and an equally brief follow through, he gives the superficial appearance of a hopeless duffer. But he is accurate, and on top of that, he has a wonderful disposition for tournament golf. Just when things are blackest he will send the gallery into an explosion of laughter with some cheerful gag. This, however, is the first year in which Sanders has had a serious stake to protect. He has always been a bold

player who looks with scorn at the fat part of the green, and the question now is whether he will play the game a little closer to the belt, mindful of the growing number of endorsements coming his way.

Jack Nicklaus, surprisingly, is in the most extraordinary financial position of all four golfers. From early November, when he first announced his decision to turn pro, until the end of this year, he stands to make from his golf-related business interests better than \$100,000 even if he never wins a nickel in a tournament. The same thing will be true for him in 1963. In other words, Nicklaus will never be a hungry golfer as Palmer and Player and Sanders and Snead and

Hogan and all the other successful ones have been in their time.

Yet Nicklaus is a proud and ambitious young man of 21. He has set himself a very stern tournament schedule from now through the middle of summer, and he has a most demanding approach to professional golf. "I'm playing to win," he says. "I've made up my mind that for the first couple of weeks on the tour I can't expect to make history, so I'm just going to play as well as I can and get used to the conditions. I've always liked stroke play better than match play, so that part of it doesn't bother me. And I figure that after several weeks, maybe as soon as the Crosby, I'll be in good

shape and ready to play my best golf."

Each of these four golfers is a brilliant competitor who will contribute a world of excitement to the tour this year—Palmer with his blazing personality, Player with his rigid determination, Sanders with his gaiety and skill, and Nicklaus with his power and youth. Almost anyone who follows the tour closely would have to pick the first three to finish at the top on the strength of past performances. But don't discount Nicklaus just because he is new to pro golf. In the last two U.S. Open tournaments, while still an amateur, his combined scores were lower than those of any pro.

END

HOW THE LEADING PROFESSIONALS SEE THEMSELVES

At the Los Angeles Open last week *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* polled the country's best golfers for answers to some of the questions that are most frequently debated by their galleries. Below are the pros' ratings of their fellow pros.

- *The most effective golf swing*
1) Sanders 2) Snead 3) Bolt
- *The prettiest golf swing*
1) Snead 2) Jay Hebert 3) Bolt
- *The best driver*
1) Palmer 2) Jay Hebert 3) Bolt
- *The longest driver*
1) Bayer 2) Harney 3) Souchak
- *The best long-iron player*
1) Palmer 2) Jay Hebert 3) Snead
- *The best middle-iron player*
1) Tie. Littler and Bolt 3) Maxwell
- *The best short-iron player*
1) Maxwell 2) Littler 3) Barber
- *The best bunker player*
1) Boros 2) Tie. Player and Venturi
- *The best putter*
1) Casper 2) Sanders 3) Barber
- *The best player under pressure*
1) Palmer 2) Player 3) Sanders
- *The worst under pressure*
1) Kroll 2) Venturi 3) Bayer
- *The best out of trouble*
1) Palmer 2) Ford 3) Casper
- *The best dressed*
1) Bolt 2) Gustin 3) Souchak
- *The worst dressed*
A majority of pros refused to answer
- *The most consistent golfer*
1) Palmer 2) Player 3) Sanders
- *The most erratic golfer*
1) Goalby 2) Whitt 3) Bayer
- *The best first- or second-year rookie*
1) Jacky Cupit 2) Rodgers 3) Hill
- *The best golfer to play with*
1) Littler 2) Player 3) January
- *The slowest golfer*
1) Middlecoff 2) Jay Hebert 3) Barber
- *The best teacher*
1) Kroll 2) Dickinson 3) Barber



AUTHOR WINSTON CHURCHILL INTERVIEWS A PRETTY VIENNESE, CATHERINE VON SCHAPFINGER, AT SKI MEET

by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

JOLLY LARK FOR A JOVIAL SCION

A lusty chip off England's finest old block demonstrates the versatility and verve of his famous grandsire as he captains the Oxford ski team to victory in its annual race against Cambridge at Zürs, Austria. Despite his sking responsibilities, young Churchill, 21, an aspiring journalist, took time to boost the morale of both spectators (above) and teammates (following pages), and to write this account, the first article he has published outside his native country



WHILE RIVALS ARE OTHERWISE OCCUPIED, CAMBRIDGE RAGER PATRICK GRANT COMES TO GRIEF IN A GALLANT DOWNHILL TRY

Zürs, a village with a population of only 60, is situated in a valley 6,000 feet up in the Austrian Arlberg. It has, nevertheless, a rate of growth that rivals Phoenix, Arizona—for in the last five years the population has doubled, chiefly, it is reported, as a result of the efforts of the baker and the village schoolmaster.

It has become commonplace that at the beginning of the second week in December every year the serenity of village life is abruptly shattered by the noisy arrival of over 500 members of the Oxford, Cambridge and Trinity College, Dublin ski clubs, who converge on Zürs from all over Europe and even more distant

points. The majority arrive by special trains from the three universities immediately after the end of the winter term. The ski party is, however, by no means confined to members of the universities, but is open to their friends. Every year there is a large contingent from Vienna University. Other skiers arrive from Munich and Paris, Geneva and Rome, and there are even one or two aspiring American businessmen who forsake their Wall Street desks for a pre-Christmas skiing holiday.

From both Oxford and Cambridge there are always Commonwealth, American and other foreign students, many of

them Rhodes scholars. This year, in fact, there were several Indians who joined the party. At the fancy dress ball, which takes place every year, they paraded around the room dragging a Portuguese in chains with a placard bearing the words: "What happened to Goa?" While this was going on, an American who had not traveled much outside Anglo-Saxon countries turned to the person sitting next to him and said, "Be a prince and give me a light for my cigarette."

"Vat do you mean, 'Be a prinz'? I am already a prinz," replied the other in a rich Austro-Hungarian accent while giving the startled American a light.

continued

The Irish, from Trinity College, Dublin, numbering about 100, are by far the largest non-English group in the party. A girl was overheard on the ski slopes having the following conversation with a Cambridge student:

"Why is it that the Irish do not take part in the ski races?"

"They're always too drunk."

"But why do they come skiing with Oxford and Cambridge?" No answer was forthcoming to this, for nobody, not even the Irish themselves, can give an explanation of when or how the association with Oxford and Cambridge came about. As the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, observed recently, speaking on the immigration bill: "The Irish are an anomaly."

The Oxford University Ski Club book is of little help in explaining the mystery. For the last entry in the book states: "Secretaries of the club have in recent years been lazy in writing accounts annually of the club's activities. I trust this will not continue." The entry is dated 1937 and thereafter the pages are blank. No mention is made of the Irish skiing with Oxford and Cambridge before the war. So the mystery remains.

Whenever or however the Irish joined,

the Oxford and Cambridge Ski Club was founded in 1922, with the object of holding an Oxford-Cambridge race every winter. In the 1930s the club had only 30 or 40 members—all male. Fortunately, times have changed, and over a third of the members are girls. In 1959 about 400 people came with the Ski Club to Zürs. This year the figure has jumped to well over 550, and the club fills all the hotels to capacity.

The large number of members is not surprising, for there are few, if any, other places where it is possible to have a vacation for the price of this one—less than \$5 a day. This includes staying in a first-class hotel, all meals, unlimited use of all ski lifts and four hours' ski instruction a day. The only extras are ski equipment and alcohol. Certain members find that the latter item, in spite of the fact that bar prices are very reduced, exceeds all other expenses put together.

It is only because the club goes to Zürs out of season that it can be given such favorable rates, for normally the hotels would not open until just before Christmas, by which time the party is over. The resort regards the party as an investment for the future, although as a result of the large quantities of alcohol consumed it probably even now breaks

even. In addition, Zürs gains much free publicity in the English press, and also in certain European publications that report the Oxford-Cambridge race.

A near washout

Attractive prices quite apart, there are other reasons the club has come to Zürs 10 times in the postwar years. For in addition to being an open, sunny valley, without any trees to obstruct the skier, it is one of the few places in Europe that in normal years can guarantee adequate snow conditions from the middle of November on. This year, however, everyone arrived in time to see torrential rain washing away what snow there was. The *Föhn*, the warm south wind from Italy, prevented snow forming. Many people suggested going elsewhere in search of snow. A few telephone calls, however, soon established that it was also raining at 9,000 feet on the Zugspitze in Germany, at St. Moritz, Switzerland and Cervinia, Italy. Meanwhile, the English papers arriving daily in Zürs told of 20-foot snowdrifts in Scotland!

Fortunately, in Zürs the rain turned to snow after two days, and thereafter 10 days of cloudless skies amply made up for the initial washout. (Several) of

Photograph by Gerry Crothers



PAUSING AT MOUNTAIN HUT, SKIERS RESTORE THEMSELVES WITH HOT WINE AFTER THEIR EXHAUSTING RIDE UP IN THE CHAIR LIFT

the more famous Alpine resorts, such as Zermatt and Klosters in Switzerland, had no snow at all after the rain. Consequently, the cable cars that carry skiers up to the ski lifts on the higher slopes where snow could still be found, had to give round-trip tickets for the price of single ones: for unless one wanted to cut up the bottoms of one's skis on the numerous rocks and then walk for half an hour or more through muddy meadows, it was necessary to admit defeat and go down with the sightseers in the cable car.)

The previous year, when the Ski Club was in Zürs, a gay figure frequently was seen skiing in evening dress. He was most conspicuous waltzing, sometimes on one ski, in and out among the beginners on the nursery slopes, now and then doing somersaults with his skis on. Beginners were much encouraged by the frequent and usually spectacular falls of this quaintly dressed figure, who was none other than Toni Sailer, ex-Olympic ski champion. Although Sailer has become a professional—he was in Zurs to make a movie—he still behaves much like an amateur. His approach to the sport is nonchalant and lighthearted, and as a result he can be seen to enjoy it tremendously. Many another professional skier deems it an achievement to be able to say, "It's been two years since I had my last fall." Toni Sailer needed no such false pretensions and could be seen emerging every few minutes from a snowdrift with a broad grin on his face. It is reassuring to know there are exceptions like this to the usual attitude of the professionals.

Indeed, one of the factors that undoubtedly contributed to an Oxford victory this year in the Oxford-Cambridge race, which consists of a downhill and a slalom between two teams of six skiers, was the remembered advice from Toni Sailer that a small tot of Ferner Branca or Underberg should be taken before the race to relax the stomach muscles, which otherwise become very tense in the last moments before the downhill begins.

Although the race is still the official reason for the ski party, the majority of those who come on it have no interest in entering. Every year there are over 100 beginners who derive just as much enjoyment out of floundering on the slopes for two weeks in Zurs as those who have come to race. Sports do not have to be competitive to be enjoyed. This is particularly true of skiing. **END**



MINGLING WITH TROOPS. Churchill joshes with actor's son, David Nixon Jr. (above), and Arnold von Bohlen und Halbach (below), nephew of German industrialist Alfred Krupp.



MINGLING WITH NATIVES. Investment Banker John Bull of New York City and Paris brightens a dark corner of Kührer nightclub with Viennese Courtesan Dussy Hordegg.





THE BOAT WATCHERS

DRAWINGS BY MARC SIMONT



When the nation's winter boat show season opens this week in New York—to be followed by some 70 other shows from Chicago, Los Angeles and Miami to Cedar Rapids, Iowa and Roseburg, Ore.—yachtsmen, boat buyers and curious landlubbers in the millions will turn out to indulge in the harmless vice of boat watching. But, as Artist Marc Simont shows here and on subsequent pages, the most fascinating pastime at any boat show is people watching



THE STOOPERS

While the would-be master surveys the controls of his dream ship, the real captain inspects her headquarters, the galley, peering hopefully into cupboards and crannies for reassuring signs of familiar domestic props.

THE BUYERS

Conspicuous consumers, insulated from the herd by glass, gunwale-to-gunwale carpeting and the \$80,000 it takes to buy the boat, turn a regal air to an attendant's modest spiel at their private appointment.





THE EXILES

Siberia of the exhibit halls, the upper floors, are inhabited only by specialty-seekers, lonely salesmen, inquisitive little boys and their enduring mothers. The mother shown here does not care about display of flagstaff sockets; all she wants is a place to sit down.

CONTINUED



THE SIRENS

Ole skin hats, stretch pants, motorcycle boots and come-hither smiles lure many patrons who might otherwise have managed to navigate safely past the pamphlet table of the Moboken Varnish exhibit.



THE SEEKERS

Shopping for something snappy to one-up the neighbors at Schroon Lake next summer, two recruits in the army of new American boat buyers succumb to a salesman's glib take-it-for-a-spin attitude.

THE PURISTS

After four months' fretting—ever since the end of the racing season—a crew-cut skipper and his wife turn sharp weather eyes on a bulldog to replace the one that cost them a fourth place last Labor Day.



THE VICTIMS

Wiped out by a severe attack of museum feet, a virus to which children apparently are immune, a weary father mulls the distance to the nearest bar while his sons decide which boat he must next inspect.

A BREATHLESS VIEW FROM THE HOTTEST SPOT ON THE ICE

At times he is a mere spectator. Then, suddenly, the attack approaches and in a split second the man idling in front of the nets must respond. By affixing a camera inside the goal itself, Photographer John Zimmerman has here found a way to give all hockey fans a breathless view of the crackling menace

"In the minor leagues," says the truculent Bruin goalie (right), who spent years of apprenticeship before graduating to the National Hockey League, "there were only a few good shooters. Here everybody's good. And they don't hang on to the puck. They let fly, so a goalie has less chance to get ready."

and the need for instant, urgent response that make up a goalie's professional life. On this and the following pages the reader is invited to imagine himself armored in the manner of Boston's Don Head (below) and, while avoiding the menace, to share the excitement of the game's hottest vantage point





Montreal's Jacques Plante kneels to



clear puck as a teammate swoops to the rescue



New York's Gump Worsley sprawls to



glove a low drive by Montreal's Claude Provost



Toronto's split-legged Johnny Bower kicks away



a goal-bound puck (behind stick handle)



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RANGER SHOOTING FOR THE TOP

by DAVE ANDERSON

After 13 victorious seasons with Montreal, Doug Harvey is out to win—not place or show—with a once hopeless New York team

This season, for the first time in four years, New York hockey fans can do more than just hope. With the Rangers still in contention at the season's halfway point, it now looks as though only a major catastrophe could keep them out of the Stanley Cup playoffs. For most Ranger fans, inured to defeat over the past years, a fourth-place finish and a place in the playoffs would be a dream come true, but for one newcomer to their ranks—the one most involved—it would not be nearly good enough. Doug Harvey, the man imported from Montreal to give the Rangers new spirit, believes in finishing on top; Harvey is not a fourth-place type. In his 13 seasons with the Canadiens he only once finished as low as fourth and, until last spring, he had played in hockey's World Series, the Stanley Cup finals, for 10 straight years. During those years the Canadiens won the cup six times, including a record five straight from 1956 through 1960. "Maybe I'm spoiled, but it's not too bad that way, eh?" says the new Ranger coach with the rhetorical "eh?" characteristic of Canadian speech. "It's nice to win."

Taking over at the Ranger training camp in Guelph, Ontario in September, Harvey growled, "This team finished fifth last season. That's no damn good." Significantly, he never succumbed to the standard Ranger party line: "We'll make the playoffs." Says Harvey: "Suppose we come down to the end of the season and we've got a chance to finish first or second and some of the guys remember that I said I was shooting for fourth place. They might relax a little, eh? I can't understand somebody who says that. It happens in baseball. The manager says he's shooting for the first division. He's conceding the pennant. That's no way to do it. Hell, shoot for the top, eh?"

As coach of a team whose target is the top, Doug Harvey is aided considerably by the fact that he alone, of all NHL coaches, can set an example on the ice itself, and the example he sets is a good one. Only a few top players—Milt Schmidt and Dit Clapper of Boston, Sid Abel and Paul Thompson of Chicago—have attempted the dual task of player-coach since the NHL came of age in the mid-'20s, and most of them came to coaching with their playing skills tarnished by time. Recognized as the best defenseman in the league over the past decade, and by some experts as the best of all time—his selection to nine All-Star teams is a record—Doug Harvey is still playing hockey nearly as well as he did in his glory years. So well, in fact, that he is a leading candidate for an implausible pair of postseason prizes: as the league's most valuable player and the league's coach of the year. Doug Harvey turned 37 last month, and at an age when most hockey players have taken up curling in their Canadian home towns he skates for a grueling 35 to 40 minutes in every Ranger game. On the bench Murray (Muzz) Patrick, the Ranger general manager, makes the moves that Harvey has planned, but whenever Harvey comes off the ice he takes full charge. Back in the dressing room between periods or after the game, he sums up without theatrics, using simple words that say a great deal. Only the tone of his voice betrays his feelings. He might say pleasantly, "We played pretty well." Or scornfully, "We stopped skating." Or challengingly, "We're not out there for a tie." He protects his players but not himself. "That second goal against us," he said recently, "that was the fault of the defenseman in front of the net—me." He is the team's most popular player

but, hatless and with his overcoat collar turned up, he leaves the locker room by himself. "I miss having a beer with the guys," he has often said, "but when you're the coach you can't do it."

Harvey discovered a solution to this delicate problem a few weeks ago. The Rangers had just gone six games without a win. "I figured a few of the guys might go out anyway," he said at the time, "so we all went out together." They gathered in a Chicago tavern after a game and talked out their problems over pizza and a few drinks. Harvey picked up the tab—"about \$56," he reported—and a few ideas. He shuffled the forward lines and the team snapped its slump.

As a coach, Harvey rules with a firm but relaxed grip. "I don't knock on doors and baby guys," he says. "They know the rules and I expect them to keep them."

continued

If they don't it'll show on the ice."

Harvey has imposed no set curfew. "But," reports General Manager Patrick, "we've had no problems with discipline this season." Harvey's only crackdown involved smoking in the dressing room, although he is a heavy cigar smoker himself. The first day of training camp he

Ranger nets. "He treats us like pros," says Andy Bathgate, the new Ranger captain and league-leading scorer. "No Ranger coach ever did that before."

Being in a position of authority and command does not come easily to this cherub-faced leader, however. In the final days of training camp last fall he discovered the bitterness of responsibility as he faced the task of cutting down the squad,

at Montreal was Bert Olmstead, the old-pro left wing, but when the Canadiens dealt Olmstead to Toronto a few years ago their friendship ended—at least during the season. "If Bert was on the other side of the room," Harvey says, "I might nod to him, but that's all. I see some of our guys talking to other players. I can't understand it. It doesn't make sense to me. The next night the other guy might chop their head off. In the summer, that's different, eh?"

In developing a new allegiance to the Rangers the easiest adjustment for Harvey has been playing against the Canadiens. "All I want to do," he says, "is beat their --- off." In other ways Harvey has had some difficulty wrenching himself away from a lifetime loyalty to Montreal. Born there on Dec. 19, 1924, he grew up in a middle-class environment only a few miles from his current home in the Notre Dame de Grace section. "My father was in the drag line," Doug says. "He was born in England. My mother was born in Pennsylvania. There were three other kids—two brothers and my sister—and we grew up in the Depression. We never went hungry, but it was close a few times." His life revolved around hockey and especially around the Montreal Forum. He played there in the kid leagues. He sat there rooting for the Canadiens. He went there to attend one of the most famous funerals in sports when Howie Morenz, the hockey idol of Montreal, died in 1937.

In those years Harvey was a center, but eventually he was put on defense. "I liked it better," he says, "because you got a lot more playing that way—50 to 55 minutes." In 1943 he joined the Canadian navy and spent two years as a gunner on a merchant ship in the Atlantic. After the war he played with the Montreal Royals of the Quebec Senior Hockey League. It was then that he developed his effortless, almost nonchalant style. "We only had three defensemen, so I learned to conserve my energy." But when the Canadiens invited him to training camp in 1947 he was expending his energy trying to make a big-league hockey team while playing minor-league baseball.

As a left-hitting outfielder, Harvey had signed late that summer with Ottawa of the Class C Border League. When he was due to report to the hockey camp, Ottawa was finishing up the league playoffs. "We played at night," Harvey says. "So after the game I'd get in my car and drive to St. Hyacinthe's. That's about 40 miles from Montreal, so it was about 160 miles



AS A DEFENSEMAN, Harvey still skates well enough to be considered the best in the business. He also has proved to be a coach with shrewd insight into strategy, tactics and men.

noticed high-scoring Left Wing Dean Prentice puffing a cigarette while changing into his uniform. "I don't think we oughta have any smoking in here," Harvey said sharply. "I even put mine out," recalls Patrick.

Harvey later made one exception to the rule: Goalie Gump Worsley can smoke after a game. "He's on the ice for 60 minutes," the coach says. "The tension is a little different. Maybe he needs one, eh? But I figure the other guys will live until they get outside."

Such gestures do not go unappreciated. "We never had a player who was a leader before," says the ardently pro-Harvey Gump, a veteran of nine years in the

"I didn't want to be unfair," he says now. "I hardly knew some of the players and I kept thinking, who was I anyway to tell someone else he wasn't good enough to be on the club. I saw the sun come up a few times without any sleep."

But if humanitarian considerations sometimes soften Doug Harvey's discipline, sentimentality owns no part of him. When Montreal lost to Toronto in the 1951 Stanley Cup final, most of Harvey's teammates stood around the ice to shake hands with the victorious Maple Leafs, but Harvey disappeared into the dressing room. "Why should I shake hands with them?" he said at the time. "They just beat us." One of his best pals

one way. After hockey practice the next morning I'd drive back once again for the ball game. I only had to do it for about a week. When you're young, you do those things, eh?"

Ottawa won the playoffs and Harvey won a job with the Canadiens. Harvey was to play two more seasons with Ottawa, batting .340 and a league-leading .351, but meanwhile he was establishing himself in hockey. His smooth style at first annoyed the Forum fans. They thought he was lazy. So did the late Dick Irvin, the white-haired martinet who was then the coach. But a lazy man could not have survived Irvin's jungle-law practices. "There was no referee," Harvey says now. "Sometimes three guys would nail you. You'd remember it, and when you got your chance you'd nail one of 'em and step on him and say, 'That was for last week.' You had to prove to Dick that you belonged. I don't condemn it. He had everybody hungry. He kept us on the bat."

Whacked in the mouth with a stick during one such practice, Harvey recalls, "I spit out a fistful of teeth, threw 'em into the seats and kept going. I wouldn't give Dick Irvin the satisfaction of letting him know."

Better coaching

When Irvin left to go to Chicago in 1955, Harvey was considered to be the league's best defenseman, but he continued to improve under the new coach, Toe Blake. By that time Harvey also had earned a reputation as a dressing-room wit, largely on his ability to needle Maurice Richard, the fiery and fabled Rocket, and get away with it.

Now he needles the entire Canadian team, including Coach Blake. For years Blake had been asking Harvey to shoot more often, but he preferred to pass the puck. As a Ranger defenseman, Harvey now shoots frequently. "I must," he explains to Toe's discomfort, "be getting better coaching."

When aroused, Harvey retaliates with a savage fury. Five years ago he used his stick blade to spear George (Red) Sullivan, then the Ranger captain, in the stomach. Sullivan's spleen was ruptured. He required emergency surgery that night, after receiving the last rites of the Catholic Church. He didn't play for nearly three months. "I speared him on purpose," Harvey admits. "He was kicking skates and I warned him. He did it again and I got fed up. I'm not too proud of myself when I do these things. I didn't

want it to turn out that way but I wanted to get him. I hadn't lost my head or anything. I knew what I was doing."

Sullivan, vowing revenge, feuded silently with Harvey for years, but no blood was ever spilled. Then last May, Admiral John J. Bergen, president of the Rangers, called Sullivan at his Ontario home to tell him: "We're trying to get Doug Harvey as a coach. I just wondered what you

ly he told Sullivan, "I don't know what to do. What would you rather do?"

"I'm not going to fool you," Sullivan said. "I'd like to stay with the Rangers, but I don't mind going to Kitchener." Harvey sent him.

Weeks later Harvey solved another problem. In early November he drove his wife and five children from Montreal to a rented home in Long Beach on Long



AS A BALLPLAYER in Canada's Class C Border League, Outfielder Doug Harvey (second row, third from left) batted a league-leading .351 to help his Ottawa team finish first in 1948.

think of this notion after the trouble you had with him?"

"You want to get in the playoffs, don't you, Admiral?" Sullivan answered.

"Certainly," the admiral said.

"Then get him," Sullivan said.

The feud evaporated when Harvey and Sullivan became teammates. But they were not teammates for long. General Manager Patrick wanted the 31-year-old Sullivan to be a player-coach at the Kitchener-Waterloo (Ont.) farm team—if he couldn't help the Rangers. At training camp Sullivan, who depended on hustle, seemed to be skating on tired legs. Harvey, sensitive to the situation, wrestled with himself for five days. Final-

ly, "I don't know if it's better for them," he says, "but it's better for me. At first I wanted to keep them in Montreal. I didn't want to take the kids out of school, but I was living in a hotel in New York. That's no good, eh?" Harvey also had feared that 11-year-old Doug Jr. would miss playing hockey in Montreal, but Long Beach is one of the few communities in the New York area with a pee-wee hockey league. Young Doug was satisfied. "The other day," his father said recently, "he told me, 'It's O.K. with me if you stay here in New York for a few more years.'"

It will, presumably, be O.K. with a good many Ranger fans as well. **AND**



CRIPPLED CARDINAL John Crow, healthy again, could lead St. Louis to Eastern title.

West over the East and the Packers over all

The NFL's Western Conference teams were too strong for their eastern opponents in 1961 and, at least where Green Bay is concerned, will be again in '62

The National Football League season ended on a dreary note Saturday as the Detroit Lions drubbed the Philadelphia Eagles 38-10 in Miami's Orange Bowl. But even before this one-sided game and Green Bay's equally easy rout of the New York Giants six days earlier, it was already clear that the Western Conference of the NFL is, from top to bottom, substantially stronger than the Eastern Conference. In 14 interconference games, teams from the West won eight, lost six. In both postseason games the West won decisively. Should the Western All-Stars beat the East in the Pro Bowl game, the West will complete an unprecedented sweep.

Counting exhibition games, the Packers won 17 games and lost but three during 1961. They seem certain to remain the best team in either conference for another two or three years, unless the Lions get consistent quarterbacking and develop another running back to go with Nick Pietrosante. Four eastern teams will be battling for the right to oppose the Packers in next year's championship game, with the St. Louis Cardinals an outside bet to be the eventual winner.

The Giants, of course, are a better team than their 37-0 loss to the Packers indicates. The Browns are good, too, and so are the Eagles. The latter had beaten Detroit only three weeks before the play-off game but were forced in their second meeting to play most of the second half without their fine quarterback, Sonny Jurgensen. Jurgensen left the game with a severe shoulder separation and torn ligaments in his throwing arm. He was op-

erated on Tuesday and should be ready for action again by the beginning of the 1962 season.

All three of these teams, however, must concede one point to the Packers—youth. In all the key striking positions—quarterback, running backs and pass catchers—the Packers are young. They must be expected to improve with experience without losing strength to age over the next two or three years. They won the championship this season under difficulties that should not hamper them next year. First, Coach Vince Lombardi was forced to reshuffle his offense when he lost Jerry Kramer, one of the best blocking guards in football, who was injured early in the season. Lombardi still had the surest blocking line in the business. Next, at midseason, he had to learn to get along with the weekend services only of three stars—Ray Nitschke, the middle linebacker, Boyd Dowler, the flanker back, and Halfback Paul Hornung, the league's most valuable player. All three were called into the Army. Next year, with a healthy Kramer and the full-time services of the three players who commuted from the Army, the Packers may indeed become what Lombardi called them after the championship game this year—the best team in the history of the National Football League.

The Lions are not far removed from the Packers in excellence. Their all-round defense is almost as good as the Packers'. Given a stronger attacking force—and all they need for that is a big halfback and a good season from one of their two quarterbacks (Jim Ninowski and

Earl Morrall)—Detroit could unseat Green Bay. The team split with the Packers this year.

Possibly because Red Hickey relied too heavily upon his shotgun offense, the San Francisco 49ers suffered an unfortunate lapse at midseason in 1961, but the team has players who are every bit as good as Green Bay's and Detroit's. The San Francisco pass defense broke down, too; this is a young, very quick secondary that should be more successful in 1962. Baltimore, handicapped by an injury to Johnny Unitas that disturbed his passing accuracy during the first half of the season, needs help in the defensive line, in linebackers and in the offensive backfield. This seems a great deal to ask from one draft, and it is doubtful that the Colts will be contenders for at least another year. The Bears, as has been usual in recent years, appeared on the brink of becoming a championship football team all through 1961. Possibly Bill Wade, in his second season under George Halas, will be able to nudge them into the Pucker class.

The Los Angeles Rams had the best draft and signed more of their top draftees than any other club in the NFL. They will go into the 1962 season with four quarterbacks—competent veterans Zeke Bratkowski and Frank Ryan, plus the two best college quarterbacks of 1961, Ron Miller of Wisconsin and Roman Gabriel of North Carolina State.

Obviously, they cannot use four quarterbacks; just as obviously, their castoffs will be valuable trade bait. The Rams will be looking for offensive linemen who can block for the quarterbacks who stay with the Rams. Since this lack of offensive linemen has been the sorest of the several Ram sore spots, the club could begin to move up again in 1962.

The Giants, the Browns, the Eagles and the St. Louis Cardinals would seem, at the moment, to have approximately equal chances to win the Eastern Conference championship. Their race could be decided, as often happens, by which of the four teams has the fewest injuries or which, because of reserve depth, can absorb its injuries best.

The Giants are deeper than the other three teams, and they enjoy another advantage. They started slowly last season, adjusting to a new coach—Allie Sher-

man—and to new players in critical positions. Y.A. Tittle at quarterback and Del Shofner at offensive end learned the Giant system quickly but did not reach the effectiveness that they should attain in 1962. The same is true of Joe Walton at the tight end on offense and of Erich Barnes at defensive corner back, a difficult position to play under the best of circumstances but particularly so while breaking into a strange unit.

For their spirited play alone, Philadelphia's first two units match any in the East, but over all the Eagles do not have the depth of reserve strength that the Giants and the Browns have. Assuming that Jurgensen recovers completely, the Eagles have an edge at quarterback. Jurgensen did a remarkable job in his first full season as a starter and, if he follows the pattern of most quarterbacks, will improve steadily for the next two or three years.

The trouble in Cleveland

Quarterbacking, of course, is the principal problem facing Paul Brown, who seemed somewhat disenchanting with Milt Plum toward the close of the 1961 season, despite Plum's gaudy statistical achievements. The one statistic that eludes Plum is the all-important one of a winning average high enough to earn a championship. Brown, who traded Bobby Mitchell and Leroy Jackson to the Washington Redskins for rookie Ernie Davis, has joined Green Bay in the latest wrinkle in NFL attacks—the big-back backfield. With Jim Brown and Davis in the same backfield, Brown will have an even bigger duo than the Packers' Hornung and Jim Taylor. Whether the Cleveland pair can block and run as well remains to be seen.

St. Louis was the hard-luck team of 1961. The Cardinals lost a player comparable to Paul Hornung before the season began when John David Crow went out with a broken ankle. The loss of Crow seemed to dishearten the team, as indeed the loss of Hornung would surely dishearten Green Bay. But the Cardinal defense is equal to any in the East, and a healthy Crow and the steady improvement of Canadian import Sam Etcheberry at quarterback could give the Cardinals a potent offense. They could be the big surprise of 1962. **END**



STRANDED LION Nick Pietroniro needs running help in backfield if Detroit is to improve.

A phantom proves real

Once so rare that some people doubted its existence, the tiny key deer is now reported on the increase in the thickets of its Florida isles

On the lower Florida Keys, in a strange habitat of subtropic islands, lives the remnant of a race of tiny deer. Isolated from the mainland, these toy animals, about the size of large setter dogs and called the key deer, have long carried on an elusive existence, hiding like phantoms in jungle thickets by day and seldom emerging into the open marl flats except at night. Hunted with dogs in years past or driven onto the flats by set fires, the little animals dwindled in numbers and became so wary that few persons saw them. Many people searched for days without catching sight of one. Some skeptics even doubted their existence and joked about the deer that no-

body could find. But the fact that a few were still around was proved once in a rare while when a very small deer would be killed by a car on the Overseas Highway.

Even Jack Watson, a big man with a soft voice, who as U.S. Fish and Wildlife warden in the area has guarded the little deer since 1950, has had only occasional glimpses of his charges. It took him weeks of studying tracks, droppings and range to estimate their numbers. When Watson took over the job of riding herd on these phantoms of the thickets there were less than 50 of them left.

Since 1954, when Congress established the Key Deer Refuge, Watson has pr-

trolled an area of 6,730 acres. Most of this is private land under lease for sanctuary purposes, but almost 1,000 acres on Howe Key is owned outright by the Government. Much of the money to purchase sanctuary land has been supplied by the North American Wildlife Foundation.

Last week Watson came up with a report that will cause jubilation among all those who have worked to save the key deer. After a diligent survey he estimated that they now number approximately 225 individuals. He announced, further, that the deer not only have increased in numbers but have spread into new territory, or back into old territory. At their low point their range consisted only of Big Pine Key and four or five others, but Watson has established that they are now found on 18 different keys.

Lucky trip on Big Pine Key

Although scientists describe the key deer as a small subspecies of the Virginia whitetail deer, some scoffers have held that it is nothing to get excited about, that it is the same as the common whitetail, perhaps a little smaller. But on a trip through Big Pine Key with Watson I was fortunate enough to get a good look at one of these toy creatures, and what I saw was a four-point buck that could not have been more than 27 inches high at the shoulder.

It was a 1,000-to-1 shot, a stroke of luck that few members of the private and governmental organizations that have fought so hard to preserve the key deer have ever enjoyed. We had spent the entire day penetrating the jungles of Big Pine Key, and by late afternoon we were out on the marl flats in the southwest section of the island. We were standing there talking when suddenly something brownish and about the size of a large dog moved in the dense buttonwood thicket across the flat.

"Ssssssh!" Watson warned, grabbing my arm. His warning was unnecessary, for I had already glimpsed a miniature head with upright antlers, each bearing two points. We stood like statues while the deer came toward us. The situation was perfect. We were downwind and the sun was behind us. The buck continued, stopping every few paces to stare at the two statues. A large fly buzzed about, and the buck flicked his tail at it.

It minced past a buttonwood bush, came into the open again and stopped to watch us. Although small, the buck had rather stocky legs. The reddish-col-

IN RARE KEY DEER PICTURE, WARDEN WATSON HOLDS FULL-GROWN DOE KILLED BY CAR



or on its sides darkened on the back and its throat and belly were snow-white. Its muzzle was stubby and seemed large in proportion to its head.

We watched it for at least five minutes before it started to move again. Then suddenly its head came up and its tail flashed erect. It had spotted the jeep we had left parked across the flat. In a second the little buck had bounded into the buttonwood thicket and was gone. Watson let out a yell and slipped me on the back. Then he pored off the distance to the spot where the buck had stood. It was 51 feet.

"You'll never get another chance like that," Watson said. "I'm still jittery inside."

On the way back the guardian of the key deer was jubilant, for he has taken many visitors to Big Pine Key without ever seeing one. Later Watson showed me his reports on some of the deer that had been killed on the highway and some skins he had saved. One buck was 28 inches at the shoulder, 42 inches long and weighed 73 pounds. A doe which carried an unborn fawn was 22 inches at the shoulder and had an estimated weight of 38 pounds. The largest buck ever to be measured was 31 inches at the shoulder and weighed 107 pounds.

By comparison, larger males of the common whitetail deer stand 36 to 40 inches at the shoulder, are 70 to 77 inches long and weigh 150 to 300 pounds, sometimes even more. Thus a big whitetail buck may be four times as heavy as a key deer buck.

The habits of the key deer are as odd as their size. They are strong swimmers and cross from one key to another, sometimes swimming more than a mile. Once Watson saw a buck which had run onto one of the long highway bridges and was overtaken by a car. The frightened deer leaped the railing and executed a spectacular dive into the water 18 feet below. Swimming rapidly to the shore, it melted into a dense growth of mangrove.

As the deer increase in numbers more visitors to the keys are spotting them. Recently a man reported to Watson that he had seen five in a group. Barring some unforeseen catastrophe, it now looks like the key deer will be around for a long time. After all, they were here when the Spaniard Hernando D'Escalante Fontaneda was captured by the Indians on these same islands in 1545 and lived to write about it. His account contains the first written record of these little deer of the Florida Keys.

END



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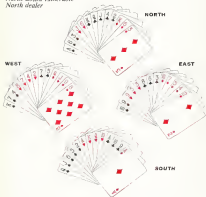
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Grand slam or bust

Next week bridge players in or near some 60 U.S. cities will begin competition in a unique tournament: they will play the first of seven weekly sessions of the North American Rubber Bridge Championship in their own groups of eight pairs, scoring at regular rubber bridge. The finals will be held in Chicago, where the winners will play an exhibition match against Mrs. Helen Sobel, my favorite partner, and me on my *Championship Bridge* TV show. Winners and runners-up in the tournament will receive the usual cash awards paid by the TV show.

Tournament bridge has grown tremendously in the past few years, but there are still many players who don't know how to play tournament duplicate or who prefer the rubber bridge game. So this tournament should be popular with all kinds of bridge players. Scoring is much as it would be in your regular home game, although tactics are governed by the pressure of time, as shown in the following deal:

North-South vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	S.N.T.	PASS
6♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead, queen of diamonds

That is the way the bidding would go in an ordinary rubber game with expert players using a convention known as the grand slam force. When South gets a spade raise, the main thing he wants to know about partner's hand is whether it includes both the missing trump honors. The Blackwood method isn't precise enough. Assuming that partner shows one ace and two kings, South won't know whether one of these is the king of spades. And, while he might be willing to risk a missing king in a side suit, he doesn't want to bid a grand slam lacking the king of trumps. In this emergency, a conventional bid of five no trump not preceded by four no trump asks partner to bid six in the agreed suit if he holds only one honor; seven if he holds both.

However, another factor enters into the bidding in a rubber bridge tournament. Suppose this is the last hand and your side is more than 1,630 points behind. It won't do you any good to bid and make a small slam; you have to bid a grand slam in order to win. So, in such circumstances, instead of bidding five no trump you simply bid the grand slam, because nothing less will do. In some respects, bidding and play are both easier when there can be only one possible result and only one possible way to achieve it. If you need the score for a grand slam, when you pick up this hand you simply close your eyes and bid it. And, having bid seven, lacking the king of spades—as you discover when dummy goes down—there is only one way to play for the contract. It won't do any good to find a singleton king of spades and drop it by playing the ace. You will still have to lose a trump trick. Your only chance to avoid the loss of a trump trick is to find West with exactly three spades to the king and East with exactly the 10 and the 9.

So, when you win the first diamond, you lead the queen of spades. West probably won't cover, so you duck it, and when East's 9 appears it looks as if you have found the winning combination. Your next play is the jack of spades. If West covers, you win with dummy's ace and the fall of East's 10 promotes dummy's 8 to top rank. So you draw West's last trump and lay down your hand for the balance of the tricks.

EXTRA TRICK

If you are a good bidder, it will seldom happen that you find yourself in a contract for which there is only one possible play. But, when the occasion arises, it is worth considerable study to figure out a possible combination that might bring home your forlorn hope.

END



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FLYING END TO FAST BREAK FINDS "SWEET LARRY" ARMSTRONG CLEAR FOR LAYUP

The bright dawn of the Sun Devils

Arizona State, the country's second-highest-scoring team, has used a blazing offense to become the best example of basketball's rise in the Southwest

For years the blight area of basketball was that section of the Southwest that sweeps across Arizona, New Mexico, and the vast reaches of Texas. Every sporting instinct was absorbed in a year-round furor over football. If a boy happened to grow very, very tall, people were inclined to say, "Too bad, but maybe he can still play end."

What basketball there was took place before throngs of three or four fans in small gymnasiums with leaky roofs and buckling floors. The gym that Texas Christian University used until 1954 was known as The Barn, and though the wind whistled through the sizable cracks in its walls college officials could see no point in putting up a new building for a minor sport. Once two freshmen saw smoke coming from one of the cracks and rushed inside to put out a small fire. Then they told the basketball coach, Mike Brumbelow, what they had done. "Damn," he is said to have answered, his chance for a new gym snuffed out, "why don't you freshmen mind your own business?"

Worse still, the play was as bad as the facilities. (Until last season, no Border Conference team ever won a single game in the NCAA tournament.) The schools competed lethargically in their own section and got thrashed when they left it. But in the past five years all this has undergone a sudden and surprising change. It is now hardly possible to squint across a prairie without seeing the lump of a new field house on the horizon. Ten years ago the University of Texas' gym was the best in the area. Now it is the worst. In 1955 Texas Tech was drawing crowds of 1,500. Last year the average attendance at Tech's conference games in the luxurious Lubbock Municipal Coliseum was 9,400. Junior high and high school basketball programs have grown just as fast, insuring marked improvement in the quality of college play.

Nowhere, however, has the change in southwestern basketball come as thoroughly or as noticeably as at Arizona State, whose Sun Devils have become not only one of the fanciest and flashiest teams in the section but one of the country's best as well. Arizona State is located at Tempe, a community of 25,000 that is some eight miles of stockyards, cactus, dust and dried-up riverbed from downtown Phoenix. The campus is distin-

gushed by towering palm trees, cooing mourning doves and a steep, bleak butte informally known as Pikers' Peak (or, perhaps, Pikers' Peek), because it affords a natural and free grandstand overlooking the football field.

Four seasons ago the rapidly expanding school (from 3,800 to 12,000 students in 10 years) decided to improve the quality of its basketball. State had failed to win a Border Conference Championship in 23 years of trying, was drawing 800 uninspired fans to its games, and the Phoenix newspaper was devoting three inches of space to accounts of such contests. So State looked to the Midwest, naturally, for a coach to lead it out of the desert. It found Ned Wulk, a highly successful young man then at Xavier in Cincinnati. Wulk, now 41, is a native of Wisconsin, where basketball is taken seriously. His eyes are as blue and chill as Lake Superior in December; his hair and his temperament are reddish, and he can't understand people who don't take basketball seriously. His first indication of what Phoenix thought of the game came when Arizona State's alumni chapter there scheduled a meet-the-coach luncheon. Only eight people showed up.

Sent in the balcony

"This lack of interest kind of upset me," he recalls. "I knew we had to have a team that people would like to watch, one that they would talk about." So he taught Arizona State one of the most hell-bent-for-the-bucket fast-break offenses in the game. He also did his own best to display the spirit he wanted, spending more time jumping off the bench to shout at referees and players than he did sitting on it. He highlighted that first season by throwing a chair into the upper balcony, after losing a close game at Texas Western, and collecting a total of nine technical fouls. But the jolted Sun Devils got the idea. They won their first conference championship, and people started coming to games.

Since then State has won two more championships, and last season at the NCAA tournament it firmly proved the new status of Southwest basketball by beating Seattle and USC before finally losing to Utah. This year, with a host of sophomores from a freshman team that averaged 105 points a game, the Sun Devils are even better and attendance is

a different kind of problem. The gym, which has a capacity of a mere 4,600, is packed for big games. The overflow crowd pays a dollar a head to go to the neighboring student-union building and watch on closed-circuit television in the ballroom. For the first time in its history State is selling season tickets and has reserve-seat sections. At one game, played against Brigham Young two weeks ago, the gross gate was bigger than it was for the entire 1957 season.

The fans are paying to see a team that is interesting, even by Ned Wulk's standards. It is led by a microscopic 5 foot 9 guard, Larry ("Call me Sweet Larry") Armstrong, who hurtles so fast and cuts so sharply that he wears a pair of gym shoes to tatters in two weeks. A welterweight boxer in the Army (seven wins, no losses), his hands are as quick as Sugar Ray's, and he is almost as much of a showman.

Sweet Larry's most valuable teammate, and the key to the fast-break offense, is Tony Cerkevnik, a mighty young man from Mountain Iron, Minn. who has a way of snaring a rebound and hurling it down the floor before he has even come down himself. This adds greatly to the

success of what Wulk calls his "go" style of basketball. His team attempts to run its opposition into the floor and is acutely sensitive to the first sign of an opponent's wilting. When this happens it can run off streaks of 15 or more straight points with a sure killer instinct.

Last week Arizona State began its campaign for a fourth Border championship (also its last; next year it joins the new and tougher Great Western Conference), and the Sun Devils looked like the fastest guns in the West. Rolling through, over and around the West Texas State Buffaloes, they had a 59-34 half-time lead and won with a flourish of substitutes. Two nights later they made a fantastic 71% of their shots in the first half and defeated Hardin-Simmons 110-50. That raised their scoring average to 89.2 points a game, the second highest in the country, and made their record 9-3. Through it all the school's cheerleaders danced on the sidelines with glee. Ned Wulk jumped up and down on the bench and the crowd roared for Sweet Larry. "The fans want to see basketball at its fastest possible pace," said Armstrong after the West Texas game. "They want action and we give it to them." **END**



EXUBERANT CHEERLEADERS SHOW THAT STATE IS SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT



THE SAN FRANCISCO MYTH



Photo by Amy Green

It has long been called a 'big league' city, the finest in the U.S., but the author dissents, violently. Let its lovers beware: here is a man who calls San Francisco a fraud

by JOE DAVID BROWN

Betty Sue was 14, going on 15, pouty pretty, and she could play Rubinstein's *Melody in F* cross-handed on the piano. One September night as I walked her home from Epworth League and the very moon itself seemed breathless, I tried to kiss Betty Sue. She slammed me across the mouth

with her oldcloth music roll, split my lip and ran into the house giggling. For more than 20 years the violent injustice of this rebuttal rankled. Then one night I was crossing the lobby of a New York hotel when a big brittle blonde with rattling jewelry and a mouth that was slack from too many Martinis shrieked my name and kissed me wetly. It was Betty Sue, all right, but somehow I felt more saddened and appalled than vindicated.

It is an immutable fact of life that there are some things a man should do while he is still very young or simply skip altogether. Besides kissing the Betty Sues in his life and relishing recipes in the Boy Scout handbook, these include such

(continued)

obvious things as carrying a baseball glove on his belt, trying a half gamer before an audience and pretending that any night before will be worth the morning after. Lately, sad to relate, I have discovered that they also include a visit to San Francisco.

Like practically everyone else I know, I long had carried in my mind a big beautiful dream that I called San Francisco. How it all started I am not quite sure, but it must have begun to take shape about the time I began to absorb the folklore and legends about Sutter's Mill, the

asters, it wasn't even in the top dozen in the record books.

I suppose these early fables and legends gained a new dimension in almost everybody's mind during World War II, when quiescent old San Francisco suddenly emerged again as the gaudiest, the most romantic, the most poignantly remembered port in the country. Top of the Mark, the Golden Gate, Fisherman's Wharf—these were names to whet the imagination, and from Guadalcanal to Bastogne homesick men used them familiarly or promised themselves that someday they would. Since those hectic days, San Francisco unquestionably has received more praise and more homage than any other city on earth. There has been a torrent of purple prose exalting its charm, beauty and yeasty traditions. San Francisco has been called "the City of Shining Hills," "The Paris of the West" and even, Heaven help us, "the cool, grey city of love." Some admirers have proclaimed it far superior to Paris and, for that matter, superior to Rome, Athens, Venice, Munich and, most assuredly, far superior to such American cities as New York, Chicago, New Orleans and Los Angeles. Countless reams have been written about San Francisco's glorious cultural heritage, about the excellence of its opera, its theaters, its symphony. It is often said that it has the finest restaurants in the world. It has been called the "most civilized city in the world," "the most sophisticated city in America," "the gayest and lightest-hearted," "a city of the world that gleams like a jewel on the western shore of America." In the face of such unrestrained adulation, who could doubt that here was a city worth dreaming about? In the minds of most Americans, San Francisco has come to represent the quintessence of good living, and it undoubtedly is true, as some admirers claim, that it is "everybody's favorite city." It seems impossible that not many years ago the city's fathers voted the Junior Chamber of Commerce enough money to promote a golf tournament on the condition that such an event would cause newspapers to use San Francisco datelines, or that middle-aged San Franciscans can recall actually apologizing for their city's windy weather, steep hills and overhanging fog.



Famed Fisherman's Wharf has a definite aura of Coney Island

Gold Rush of '49, the Red Dog Saloon and the dastardly doings of claim jumpers at Dead Man's Gulch. Somehow I knew about the Mother Lode, the gingerbread mansions on Nob Hill, the vigilantes, and on many a Saturday afternoon I sat enthralled with a bag of popcorn and watched while a lily-livered, ruffe-shirted young dude who had been shanghaied from a Barbary Coast dive slowly hardened into a man aboard a hell ship. And who can forget Clark Gable stalking the buckling streets of San Francisco in a grim search for Jeannette MacDonald while papier-mâché buildings tumbled at his heels? The 1906 earthquake was a rousing catastrophe, for a fact, and I for one wasn't disappointed even when I learned that, as the seismologists rate such dis-

No sensible man expects to cash in a dream at its full face value. I nursed my dream for many years before I finally found my way to San Francisco, and I would have been overjoyed if it had turned out to be 50% true and satisfied if it had been 20% true. I probably would not have complained if it had not proved to be utterly false. But now that I have seen San Francisco I wish to say firmly, though without rancor, that I am thoroughly disillusioned, and that I think San Francisco and its myth-mongers should be ashamed of themselves.

In no other city have I ever seen so much sheer bad taste per square foot, so much tawdry goods hawked, so much bad booze and cheap wine consumed and so many indigestible canapés eaten or trampled underfoot. San Francisco is not the lovely lady I had imagined, but a vulgar old bawd who permits all sorts of indignities for a fast buck. She commits

the unforgivable fault of believing her press clippings, and she runs an establishment that is a sort of Disneyland for drunks, where the standard attractions are cable cars, bosomy waitresses in black net stockings, grimy bump-and-grind parlors, dreary cellars where sallow-faced young pseudocomedians try to outdo each other in sick humor, and penny arcades where the chief attraction is partitioned areas marked **FOR ADULTS ONLY**. Everybody knows San Francisco is perched precariously over the famed San Andreas fault, which shifts occasionally and shakes her up and once even knocked her down. But the old girl also is keeping hidden some sociomedical problems that would shock many of her wooders if they knew about them. San Francisco's official motto is *Oro eo paz, bello eo guerra*, which means gold in peace, iron in war, but in all honesty she should adopt a more appropriate one often seen displayed: **Keep California green—bring money**.

I wish to be fair about this. In many ways San Francisco is a pleasant little city. In appearance it is neither more nor less remarkable than Akron, Kansas City or dozens of other cities, and civic leaders know this and currently are trying to promote a multimillion-dollar face-lifting operation. But it is stacked unevenly over a series of roller-coaster hills, and this does give it a distinction that is occasionally charming. On days when there is no fog or the sun is not shining with a yellow bleakness that is peculiar to the region and makes everything appear drab, one can hike to the top of one of these hills and enjoy some pleasant vistas. San Francisco is crowded on a thumb-shaped peninsula with the Pacific on one side and a fine harbor on the other, and it is certainly a magnificent and lovely setting, but it is not the best in the world.

"Name me a better one," a truculent San Franciscan demanded one day.

"Athens, Hong Kong, Naples." "I began.

"Those are big cities," he protested.

"Carmel, Asheville, Vallefranche." "I began again.

"Oh, those places!" he said.

There is an open, leisurely charm about the area around Union Square, a block-square park in the heart of San Francisco's most fashionable shopping district, and it is a shame San Franciscans simply can't take pride in it without making outrageous claims. Since many of the shops are branches of the better New York stores, I soon grew accustomed to having San Franciscans tell me, "We have everything here that you have in New York and more besides." This is not true, of course, and even if it were, San Francisco still would not have "the best shopping district in the world," because New York stores also have outlets in Yonkers, Atlanta, Palm Beach and numerous other places around points of the compass. It is too bad that boosterism has the bit in its teeth in San Francisco. It makes a mockery of genuine civic pride and, worse still, it blinds San Franciscans to much that is sordid and demeaning. All too often the city's boosterism is based on ignorance. One day a young matron, who followed the San

Francisco custom of being understated in her dress and overstated in her opinions, became nettled because she felt I didn't have a true appreciation of "the finest restaurants in the world."

"The restaurants here are just as good as they are in Europe," she said.

"Where in Europe?" I asked.

"Dublin," she said, defiantly.

There are some good restaurants in San Francisco. I enjoyed the full-blown elegance of Ernie's, the hearty honesty of Jack's,



Candlestick Park's vastness is emphasized by empty seats

the novelty and efficiency of Trader Vic's, the smooth service at the Blue Fox and the unpretentious and impressive view at Ordine's, across the bay in Sausalito. But in food and wine, as in books, the theater, painting and music, there is a deal of difference between being good and claiming to be the best, because then there is some very formidable competition indeed. But what really destroys the myth that San Francisco should be ranked with the culinary capitals of the world is not that it has good restaurants which are not truly great, or even that there is not a truly great cellar in the city, but the fact that so many restaurants which are considered first-rate dish up so much mediocre food. However, the melancholy truth is that San Franciscans, as a breed, are only bored with such

continued



The odd-ball fringe that supposedly inhabits Los Angeles is found in plentiful supply in "sophisticated" San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO *continued*

talk, for they take the old-fashioned, provincial view that vituab is a silly topic of conversation and winsmanship is a phony pretense. The only way truly to get a rise out of them is to mention that Los Angeles has a number of better restaurants, which it does, or that they are not in the same league with New York, Chicago and New Orleans.

A man learns to avoid the potholes in his own driveway, so I am willing to admit that it might be possible to live graciously and well in San Francisco. For that matter, the same thing can be said of Port Said and Calcutta. If a person comes to San Francisco to go on a spree, or has friends to take him in protective custody, or simply comes to see what it has to offer, he may have a satisfactory visit. I do not particularly care for the San Francisco that does exist, and I think the vulgarity that promenades as wickedness is too trite to be tolerated, but my disillusionment results from the fact that San Francisco is none of the things she pretends to be. During the two weeks I was in San Francisco, time after time people asked me what I had seen and done and then exclaimed: "But that's for tourists!" They were all too disarmingly right, as I discovered my first night in town when I visited San Francisco's most publicized, most glamorized landmark, the Top of the Mark. The big room, which is as bleak and as darkly cavernous as the hold of a ship, was jammed with a tiny portion of the multitude that pays a reputed \$3 million a year for the privilege of drinking there, but I finally found a seat and looked down 18 stories at the myriad lights and a big blue sign that said MACY'S, and tried to show some enthusiasm when the waiter pointed out floodlit Alcatraz in the

Bay. I've seen some pretty fair sights as a tourist in my day: the Statue of Liberty, the Eiffel Tower, the Taj Mahal, the Tower of London and Mount Everest. But somehow, for the first time, I realized that being a tourist can make one feel pretty ridiculous. Maybe it's what a tourist pays to see that makes the difference.

This is a big league town!" San Franciscans are apt to say out of a clear blue silence at a bar. This is officially true enough, but local sportswriters often wonder out loud if the city has a big league attitude, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to find anybody who will argue that it provides big league facilities. It seems more than simply a case of normal bad luck that both the city's major outdoor sports facilities, Kezar Stadium (capacity 59,000) and Candlestick Park (capacity 42,500), are adjudged by some observers to be the worst in the U.S. and, perhaps, the world. The Candlestick fiasco has been so well publicized (*SI*, April 25, 1960 *et seq.*) that almost everybody acknowledges it, and nobody any longer advises toleration when pitchers get blown off the mound, when a high fly to left field hits an invisible curtain of wind and plummets to earth or when the city tries to ignore the fact that 11 people have died of heart attacks suffered while climbing the steep grade to get into the park. Still, nobody quite knows what to do about it. All told, it looks as if Candlestick will cost closer to \$20 million than the \$5 million voted in a 1954 bond issue, and that rather definitely precludes the chance that the city will, as some have

continued

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rather testily suggested, just give the whole zephyr-haunted place back to the sea gulls.

The situation at Kezar Stadium, home of the 49ers, is not quite so well known, though the National Football Writers Association for seven years in a row voted Kezar's press box the worst in America, and finally threw in the whole stadium as well. Kezar's biggest trouble is that it was built east to west, which puts the sun in somebody's eyes, instead of north to south, because a stubborn Golden Gate Park official refused to let anybody root up a fine stand of rhododendrons. Furthermore, the stadium was built with one side against a nearby street, and when its capacity eventually was increased from 20,000 to 59,000, only one side could be built up. The result of all this is that Kezar always is swept by a prevailing wind that blows hard off the ocean toward the east, and teams must fight not only the sun but the wind. Because of its lopsided construction, Kezar also has only 19,000 of its 59,000 seats between the goal lines, and it has no public parking facilities whatsoever.

In addition to struggling against natural hazards, San Francisco teams appear to be jinxed every time they get within clutching distance of a championship. For 16 seasons, for example, the 49ers have provided some remarkably exciting football but have never won a title. When the Giants came along there were some confident predictions that the jinx would be broken, but they also have developed the habit of tripping at the crucial moment. In 1959, when the Giants were two games ahead of the field, with eight games left to play, some San Franciscans already were waving the pennant. But, as is well remembered, the Dodgers won three in a row from the Giants in San Francisco, and the Giants wound up in third place.

At the beginning of each new football and baseball season San Francisco's sports pages follow a pattern. They carry stories warning fans not to get too excited if there are a few early victories. Sure enough, there usually are, and the headlines begin to get a bit more jubilant and the prose a bit more optimistic and finally, things get out of control and a title is being claimed. There usually is a spectacular smashup about this time, and after a short indignant pause, the sportswriters start their final phase of the cycle. There are three-part articles inquiring fiercely: WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE '49ERS? OF WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT THE GIANTS?

Red Hickey, coach of the 49ers, said recently, "These fans want a title so bad they can taste it. If we ever win the championship it'll be worse than V-J day around here." I was surprised to hear a veteran sportswriter's reaction to this. "Red could be wrong. It just might be that San Franciscans, as the old Reno saying goes, are born to lose. They wouldn't be happy with victory. They'd rather lose so they can have a scapegoat on the field to help them exorcise their poisons." San Francisco fans are a singularly poisonous lot. Even the denpanned Willie Mays lost his aplomb at the boos touched off when he once struck out twice in a row. But the fans'

favorite whipping boy is Willie McCovey, who was a hero in 1959 when he broke in from the minors with a .467 week. When he dropped below .300 the riding began and, as a local sportswriter described it, "He heard taunts that couldn't be used in *Tropic of Cancer* and the boos bounced off the whitecaps in the Bay."

"If this is a sophisticated, knowledgeable, understanding sports city," one newspaperman said, "it doesn't show much evidence of it. When the so-called National Wrestling Promotions were shown on television here last year the villains



Sometimes it seems like the one thing San Franciscans are most

paused now and then to sneer at 'Frisco' and its stupid people. Believe it or not, even some of the sports columnists fell for the gag and protested. There was so much indignation that when the shows were moved into the Cow Palace, people piled in in droves. One show took in \$44,000."

When they are discussing sports or, for that matter, almost anything else, San Franciscans are in the habit of boasting that their sole criterion is quality. "If it's a quality show, we'll buy it. If it's a bad show, we don't want any part of it." The only thing wrong with this self-evaluation is that it's incorrect, as any visitor who walks the length of Market Street, the city's main thoroughfare, can discover for himself. Some San Franciscans themselves refer to Market Street as "the hardened artery of the West." Market Street's sleazy burlesque theaters, penny arcades, sordid souvenir shops and garish ptomaine parlors set the tone for practically every other district that attracts tourists. San Francisco's fabled

Chinatown is not, as the guidebooks claim, the largest Chinese settlement outside China. (Singapore is considerably larger). But the guidebooks are correct when they call Chinatown a place where the East still meets West. In shops all up and down a dirty, littered main street that is brilliantly lighted by some of the worst electric signs outside Las Vegas, bawdy American postcards meet Chinese amulets made in Japan, and such *objets d'art* as ashtrays made in the form of toilet bowls nestle alongside teak pagodas made in Sacramento. Although San Franciscans speak of Chinatown as if

No tradition is nurtured more carefully or flourishes more hardily than the one that San Francisco is the liveliest and the wickedest city in America after dark. There is certainly more activity per capita along the city's nightclub belt on a Saturday night than any place I ever have encountered. There also is more goatish humor, more blaring forth of sentimental songs, more drinks knocked over, more folk singing, more milling up and down the streets. There is a small group of San Franciscans who like to crowd into darkened cellars like the hungry i and the Purple Onion and sit in canvas chairs and listen to what is locally called "sort of avant-garde" humor.



proud of its the prison, you can actually see right out to the Bay

a long war might break out at any moment and they love to tell stories of slave girls and opium dens, they avoid the place as carefully as a New Yorker avoids Times Square. Chinatown is so thronged with gaping, jostling tourists, so permeated with the odor of what passes for Chinese food, but which smells like French fried potatoes, that one wonders why the Chinese don't avoid it, too.

Fisherman's Wharf jolted me with disappointment. Perhaps I did expect to find a genuine weather-beaten wharf with colorful fishing boats moored in nudging intimacy and small simple restaurants with scrubbed wooden tables. But it was only Market Street on the half shell. There were hucksters selling comical hats and San Francisco pennants and turtles with your name on them, and a powerfully amplified voice urged everyone to hurry, hurry and buy a ticket aboard an excursion boat that positively would pass daringly close to Alcatraz.

But most San Franciscans like entertainment that is uncomplicated, unsubtle and straight to the point. One of the most popular nightspots is the Gold Street, which makes every night New Year's Eve, complete with paper hats and confetti, and furnishes no entertainment at all except a relay of piano players to hammer out ragtime or old ballads on a tinkly sporting house piano. The waitresses at the Gold Street wear abbreviated costumes with long black net stockings. Similar costumes are worn by young ladies at the nearby Roaring Twenties, but in addition to serving drinks they also slide down a 35-foot fire pole, the longest fire pole in San Francisco, it is claimed, and swing in circus swings. The Roaring Twenties also shows silent movies on a special screen and has a shooting gallery equipped with percussion rifles. So far nobody has been wounded, though the Roaring Twenties boasts its rifles have been fired by thousands of persons, including Johnny Weissmuller and Barbara Hutton. The Hotsy Totsy Club not only has waitresses in black net stockings but is raided periodically by uniformed cops wearing Mack Sennett helmets. Another popular place is Finocchio's, which presents female impersonators, and some guidebooks thoughtfully provide the information that *finocchio* means fairy in Italian. There are a host of lively joints featuring Dixieland and progressive jazz, belly dancers and even opera singers. There are places with odd names like the Mr. Otis, The Tea Room and the Anxious Asp, which are frequented by patrons who look suspiciously like beatniks, but San Franciscans claim they are fakes and the genuine beatniks moved on long ago. Scattered here and there also are some beatnik-type bookstores, and some of them display books with such starkly clinical jackets that they have to be seen to be believed. I was fortunate enough to be looking in one of these windows one night when a policeman walking his beat paused to take a look also.

"What is the law here in San Francisco about things like that?" I asked.

He was an earnest young policeman with an open Irish face, and he considered my question as carefully as if he were testifying in court. "Anything goes in a bookstore, mister," he said finally. "You try to make a case on a thing like that and the proprietor opens a book and shows you it was

continued

pointed by a great artist." He mulled it over carefully and said, "Michelangelo, maybe."

Some San Franciscans claim that most of the unsophisticated nightspots are patronized almost entirely by tourists, but they are not to be believed. Any spot check will prove that in the crowds that surge eight and ten deep through the streets, throng the noisy bars and stand around pianos and belt out *foxtrots*, seven out of 10 persons live in the Bay area. It causes one to recall that Kipling once said, "San Francisco is a mad city, inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people." Dr. Ellis Sox, head of the San Francisco Health Department, has a different view. "San Francisco is a sick city, there's no doubt about it."

Most people know about San Francisco's cable cars and even the silky seals perched on their rocks. How many people are aware that San Francisco leads the nation in suicides? Its accident rate is also the highest. It has the greatest incidence of mental cases. It also leads the nation in alcoholism, and its death rate from cirrhosis of the liver is almost twice as high as any other American city.

Experts in mental health believe that San Francisco probably has the highest percentage of homosexuals. The Mattachine Society, an organization that defends the rights of homosexuals, has its national headquarters in San Francisco, and occasionally it has joint meetings with The Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., which was founded to aid lesbians. When a grand jury a year ago last May indicted two police sergeants and four patrolmen for taking shakedown money from bars operated for homosexuals, police officials estimated that there were at least 30 homosexual bars in the nightclub-belt district alone.

There are other unsavory facts about the "city of love" that the mythmakers never report. On the same day that the Chamber of Commerce issued a release which said, "San Francisco . . . is intolerant of intolerance, whether racial or religious," the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity reported, "Employment opportunity in private industry in San Francisco is still widely restricted according to race. . . . Negroes face the greatest fringe resistance, followed by Orientals, Latin Americans and Jews, in that order." Chinese and Japanese have an especially difficult time in finding housing in San Francisco, and often when they finally do find a home in a "white" district open hostility from their neighbors causes them to move. There was a flurry of headlines when Willie Mays had difficulty in buying a house in the Marina section of San Francisco because homeowners in the neighborhood raised the color bar. There was almost no publicity when Willie moved two years later because he and his wife had been given the freeze treatment by their neighbors. "I like to play ball in San Francisco," Willie said. He pointedly said nothing about living there as he moved his home to New Rochelle, N.Y. Similarly, there was a spate of headlines a couple of months ago when William Bowman, a Jewish furniture dealer, and his wife underwent months of terror and bedeviling from anti-Semitic hoodlums. But most San Franciscans seem undisturbed that there prob-

ably are more clubs in San Francisco that bar Jewish members than in any other city of similar size in the country.

Not many people seem to know that while California's population has been burgeoning, San Francisco actually lost 32,502 inhabitants between 1950 and 1960. When preliminary results of the 1960 census indicated a sizable decline it almost was more than the city's pride could stand. There were angry official demands for a recount, schoolchildren were sent home with notices to ascertain if their parents had been counted, and even during the seventh-inning stretch at Candlestick Park the loudspeakers boomed out an appeal to fans to make certain that they and their neighbors had been counted. Nevertheless, the figures stood, and after a while San Francisco regained its confident air and again began basking in its role as the financial and cultural cosmopolis of the West. The *San Francisco Chronicle* shrugged the matter off lightly: "Cities that bulge are no more charming than bulging slacks."

Anyone who lives in a San Francisco hotel for a couple of weeks will soon learn that one of the city's undeniable claims is that it's a wonderful place to get drunk. San Francisco's hotels cater to conventions, and when the Fruit Growers leave, the Soft Drink Manufacturers arrive, and when they depart red-eyed and weary, the Railroad Men come in. I have collected a number of unforgettable impressions of San Francisco hotels. Once I was startled, but not as much as the young couple ahead of me, to encounter a fat man waddling down the corridor in an open bathrobe and nothing else. Once I saw a little *Mikquetoast* of a man alternately tagging and poking his enormous drunken wife along with all the skill of a mahout handling an elephant, and screaming angrily but without a change of expression, "Go! Go!" Once I stepped into the self-service elevator with two middle-aged ladies wearing evening gowns and mink stoles, and as soon as the elevator started up one of them gave me a vague, pleasant little smile and passed out at my feet as cold as a bucket of squid.

Since the Golden Gate Bridge was finished in 1937, somebody walks to the middle of it on an average of once a month, climbs the railing and plunges into the Bay at 80 miles an hour. A Japanese girl cast herself off the bridge, screaming, while I was in San Francisco. The known number of victims at last count is 244, but for all anybody knows, the actual number may be twice or three times that. On the way to the airport my cab driver and I began discussing the case, and he told me that one of the odd things about suicides from the bridge was that the jumpers always turned their backs toward San Francisco, never faced it. "I keep thinking there must be some significance in that somehow," he said. "Do you suppose there is?" I said I didn't know, but I have been haunted by the question ever since. There *does* seem to be some significance, and I have an odd feeling that it's tied up with the way I feel about San Francisco, but the answer eludes me.

END

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Rockefeller continued

remote from the city than Pocatello, and he enjoyed not only his golf but long walks around his wooded land, seeing a few casual acquaintances and enjoying his relative seclusion.

John D.'s winters were spent at The Casements, a mansion in Ormond Beach, Fla. There he was less alone and over the years became known as Neighbor John by the local residents. He played golf daily, usually with an acquaintance or in a foursome. He always had a gallery of the faithful or curious; those who liked to watch golf and those who liked to watch multimillionaires.

Hymns before golf

His Ormond Beach daily routine differed little from his summer schedule. He breakfasted at eight, had a conference with his private secretary, put on his golf clothes (gloves, goggles, sweaters, loose coat and sport cap with ear covering) and at 10 o'clock was driven to the course. There he would meet friends and admirers, perhaps read them a verse (he often composed his own verses) or join in the singing of a hymn. If there was a minister present—the rector of the Ormond Union Church was one of his favorite golf partners—there might be a prayer or a short reading from the New Testament. With children present, he was not above playing leapfrog or piggyback. Of course, he carried nickels and dimes in his coat pockets and doled them out lavishly, as every newsreel spectator of the '20s and '30s remembers.

Amenities over, the game would commence. On the Ormond Beach course Neighbor John played only eight holes, because the eighth green was beside the road where his car waited to take him home. His partners were usually friends or acquaintances but sometimes celebrities and even news reporters. Although serious about his game, he was not a fierce competitor and was the first to congratulate a fellow player on a good shot. Many Rockefeller dimes are treasured to this day by those who played a good game against him. Even his caddies were rewarded with dime bonuses for good work, although they also were penalized a dime if they failed to find a ball. He rarely lost more than three balls a year.

Rockefeller maintained his interest in golf for three decades until, at the age of 93, he was forced by infirmity to give up the game. Five years later, in 1937, he died in Ormond Beach.

END

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

With the holiday jousting over, most of the nation's major-college teams settled down to the serious business of battling for conference titles. But some of the favorites were still having their troubles. After little more than a month of play only three teams—Ohio State, Mississippi State and Eastern Kentucky—were still unbeaten.

THE EAST

Villanova's Jack Kraft, the high school coach who succeeded retired Al Severance, was just as puzzled as anyone. His Wildcats, even with a superb jump-shooter in Hube White, hardly figured to make much of an impression this year. But Kraft concentrated on teaching defense, sophomore Guards Wally Jones and George Leftwich perked up a titful attack and Villanova won its first 11 games. The Wildcats easily pushed aside *Seion Hall* 99-67 for No. 12, but then the bubble burst at Morgantown, W. Va., where visiting teams

almost never win. *West Virginia's* first break and Rod Thorn's long set shots (for 29 points) scattered the Wildcats zone defense and the Mountaineers won 88-82.

All in all, though, it was a gratifying week for Philadelphia teams. Temple's silky-smooth little men refused to panic when they trailed St. John's by seven points. While 6-foot-4 Russ Gordon harassed 6-foot-10 LeRoy Ellis, the hunting Owls pecked away until they had a 46-45 lead with 5:11 to go. Then, Playmaker Bruce Dreydale plunked in six straight points for a 52-51 victory. St. Joseph's rallied in the last six minutes to beat NYU 59-55 and La Salle gave *Massachusetts's* city slickers a lesson in ball-handling and whipped them 76-69.

Duquesne, too, was making a bid for national prominence. The Dukes turned leftie Willie Somerset loose for 29 points against St. Bonaventure and trounced the Bonnies 73-52. Jack Foley's shooting earned Holy Cross past Dartmouth 80-48 and Connecticut 79-70. Penn defeated Princeton 64-56 in an Ivy League opener. The top three:

1. VILLANOVA (10-0)
2. DUQUESNE (9-0)
3. TEMPLE (8-0)

THE SOUTH

It was beginning to look like a Kentucky year in the SEC. Georgia Tech's pressing defense gave the Wildcats some fearful moments, but only until brilliant sophomore Cotton Nash found the range. Nash poured in 35 points and Kentucky won easily, 89-70. Meanwhile, Mississippi State barely made it past Auburn. Menemeyed by the Tigers' interminable shuffling, State finally pulled out a 51-48 victory on Doug Huston's fall-away shot with six seconds to play.

N. C. State, after 25 days of silence, wasted little more time throwing the ACC into utter confusion. Attacking and defending diligently, the Wolfpack upset Duke 61-60 when John Punter lofted in a 15-foot jumper with four seconds left. The result left North Carolina, a 99-80 winner over independent Notre Dame, in first place. The top three:

1. KENTUCKY (10-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (10-0)
3. DUKE (9-2)

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten learned first-hand what it had been hearing from others, Ohio State's Buckeyes were as magnificent as ever. While Jerry

Lucas decoyed on offense and hogged the rebounds, sharpshooter John Havlicek methodically pumped in 27 points, and Northwestern succumbed 85-62. Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Indiana also won, but the Buckeyes were hardly worried.

There was just no stopping Cincinnati in the Missouri Valley. St. Louis tried it with a slowdown, but sub George Wilson came off the bench to score 15 points and the Bearcats won 62-47. Tulsa had even less to offer and lost 72-43. But Cincinnati still has to face Bradley—at Peoria. The improved Braves lured Wichita into their "snake pit," but the Shockers with 45 points by Rich Williams and Chet Walker and beat them 70-63.

The biggest surprise was in the Big Eight, where Colorado showed almost no respect for Kansas State's national ranking and upset the Wildcats 75-61 at Boulder. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (10-0)
2. CINCINNATI (10-1)
3. KANSAS STATE (10-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

The SWC was running true to form. While the preseason favorites were busy knocking each other off, SMU and Rice took turns beating TCU and Baylor and struggled together in first place. Texas Tech started impressively enough with a 73-66 win over Texas, then lost to Texas A&M 70-61. Arkansas set down the Aggies 64-59 to run its winning streak to nine, but the Porkers ran out of steam against Texas and lost 73-59.

Arizona State, back home after a poor road trip, was still the best in the Border Conference. The Sun Devils ran over West Texas State 97-67 and Hardin-Simmons 110-50. The top three:

1. TEXAS TECH (7-2)
2. TEXAS (6-0)
3. ARIZONA STATE (6-2)

THE WEST

Skyline coaches are fond of pointing out that Utah has "nothing but Billy McGill." But the Utes may not need any more to win the title. Last Saturday, Utah State put its biggest and most muscular stars—Cornell Green and Daniel Huney—on the elusive McGill. He still scored 40 points, and Utah beat the Aggies 77-72.

California, with little more than a prayer and some hopeful strategy, was no match for USC. The Bears managed to slow down Troy's fast break but their collapsing zone failed to bother Big John Rudometkin, who escaped often enough to pile up 50 points, and Cal lost twice, 68-61 and 79-52. But USC has a wary eye on improved UCLA, which beat Washington 72-57 and 75-63.

Santa Clara's efficient but unexciting zone defense had impatient fans yawning, but the Broncos still defeated cautious San Francisco 50-35. The top three:

1. UTAH (11-0)
2. UTAH STATE (10-0)
3. SANTA CLARA (10-0)



COTTON NASH, Kentucky star (surrounded by Georgia Tech players), led Wildcat victory.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

LOVELY LADIES

Sirs:

Thank you for the delightfully wholesome face of Ski Champion Francine Bréaud on the cover of your Special Holiday Issue and for all the lovely ladies pictured inside (Dec. 25). So far, my skiing ability has enabled me to just barely keep up with the size 12½ painted ladies in the size 8 stretch pants on the beginners' bunny run. However, the likes of your cover girl is enough to make any humbled skater improve his techniques, if only to just get a better look at the flashier set as they go wedding by

LARRY HORAK

Redlands, Calif.

Sirs:

Any story on *The World's Foremost Sportsman* that ignores Mary Helen De Angelis, an accomplished horsewoman with a trainer's license, who has raced in Pimlico's



LOVELY JOCKEY DE ANGELIS

famous Powder Puff Derby, fails to be complete. To prove it, I am enclosing a photograph taken by Marx Kaufman (a local advertising man) and myself last spring

BOB COOPER

Baltimore

NEVER THE TWAIN

Sirs:

There's no doubt that Heisman Trophy Winner Ernie Davis (For The Record, Dec. 11) is a terrific ballplayer but, since its beginning 27 years ago, the Heisman Trophy, presumably awarded each year to the

best football player in the country, has consistently been denied to any player in the West. Most West Coast fans submit that sometime during the past quarter century the "law of averages" would have found that, at least once, the outstanding player was from the western states.

Does anyone seriously believe that a conference producing Hugh McElheney and, say, Norm Van Brocklin, could not, in 27 years, have had college ball's outstanding player? What about Jon Arnett, Bob Waterfield, John Brodie, Bill Kilmer, Arnie Weinmeister, Gail Cogdill, Don Paul, Norman Standlee, Les Richter, Dean Derby, Don Heinrich, Frankie Albert and Frank Gifford, to name but a few who went from the Coast to pro ball? What about Ollie Matson, Joe (Jet) Perry, Dick Bass, Eddie LeBaron, Sam Baker, or, turning the clock back, Byron (Whizzer) White?

The answer is an old one, well known to West Coast residents. The overwhelming majority of the voters for the Heisman Trophy (like so many voters, incidentally, for All-America teams) live in the eastern half of the country, so eastern teams and vote their players in Heisman Trophy winners year after year after year.

BUCK ODELL

Seattle

● Of the 27 Heisman Trophy winners, eight have been from the East, 14 from the Midwest (five from Notre Dame), three from the Southwest and two from the South.—ED.

Sirs:

For weeks before the East-West Shrine football game, I'd been reading in the papers about this year's awesome East squad, almost all of them picked on someone's All-America team. The West just didn't have a chance.

I got to feeling awful sorry for these western boys and figured they better stay home except they could get a free trip to Frisco.

Well, I should've known better. Now what I want to know is why these second-raters seem to win so much of the time. Maybe it's because most of the experts who pick All-Americans live in the East and have never been west of the Mississippi and don't know there are good footballers out here too. Or could it be that the boys on the eastern squad have to travel so far it saps their strength?

RALPH BALCOM

Seattle

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19TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

Here are a few facts and figures that might interest readers who argue about which state produces the best high school football. Of the nation's 5,117 major college football players, 731 come from Pennsylvania according to figures derived from the brochures of 112 major colleges. This is 14% of the total and more than any other state (Texas is second). Some 583 of these 731 players have been recruited and play for out-of-state schools. And in case anyone is questioning quality four of this year's Consensus All-America team are from Pennsylvania, while no other state has more than one on the roster. Sandy Stephens is from Uniontown, Alex Kroll from Leechburg, Bill Miller from McKeesport and Gary Collins from Williamstown.

TURK PIERCE

Rego Park, N.Y.

STRONGMAN

Sirs:

Bravo for Alexander Eliot's *The Water Tower* (Dec. 25).

It matters not if the purists dispute the author's way of relating the labors of Hercules, because this approach to the labors is refreshing. Having had to write a couple of term papers dealing with mythology, I regret only that I didn't have this as a source.

LEE PHILLIPS

Olivet, Mich.

GRAB

Sirs:

Congratulations to Roy Terrell on *The Gold Rush That Failed* (Dec. 25). I have hoped for a considerable time that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* would tackle the rub of the current sports dollar grab.

BOS ZAMEN

Downey, Calif.

BRATTYS AND BOATS

Sirs:

To Robert Coughlan's excellent article on Ronald Tree, the distinguished "proprietor" of Sandy Lane on Barbados (*TV's Prince of A Bahui Air*, Dec. 25), you appended a Barbados Travel Facts section, which presumed the only way a reader would go to this enchanting spot is by air.

They should know that it has been a regular port of call for many years for Moore-McCormack cruises. The two newest American cruise ships afloat, the *S.S. Winif* and *S.S. Argentina*, make frequent departures from New York and Port Everglades bound for Barbados and other Caribbean ports, as well as South America.

W. WARD LYNCE

New York City

Sirs:

I feel that you have unwittingly dealt harshly with Ronald Tree's mother.

As you say, in 1901 Mrs. Tree and her husband were divorced and the married David Beatty, in those times it was inevitable that this not should create a scandal. Beatty was a glamorous and conspicuous naval officer, and she was a great herself. London was rather stunned and excited.

Yet their obvious love for one another, his great ability and force and her charm and her wealth shortly overcame all obstacles, and they were accepted and welcomed for themselves. Then came the war, and later Jutland. In this battle, Beatty was not the commander in chief, as you imply, but commanding the Battle Cruiser squadron. He gallantly engaged the Germans, found to his dismay that he was outgunned and suffered appalling damage before Jellicoe came up with the Grand Fleet. The battle ended inconclusively, as far as the British were concerned, and for years since the controversy has continued.

It may be of interest to you to know that during the battle Lady Beatty was called to the phone several times by one of the great banking houses who sought to learn the outcome of the battle, knowing that Beatty, as his love for her, might let her know at once the outcome of the battle upon which so much depended. This sort of pressure must have been, in various forms, a constant element in their lives and must surely have contributed to a sense of strain upon them both.

The marriage cannot have been easy for either Beatty or his wife, and I am very sure they both suffered from public overexposure. But I am inclined to believe that they both served England well.

CYRIL H. JONES

Cotuit, Mass.

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CHIVAS REGAL LTD.
of Aberdeen, Scotland,
established since 1801.

12
Years Old